JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

To all who have SHORT HOLIDAYS

READ WHAT THIS DOCTOR SAYS:

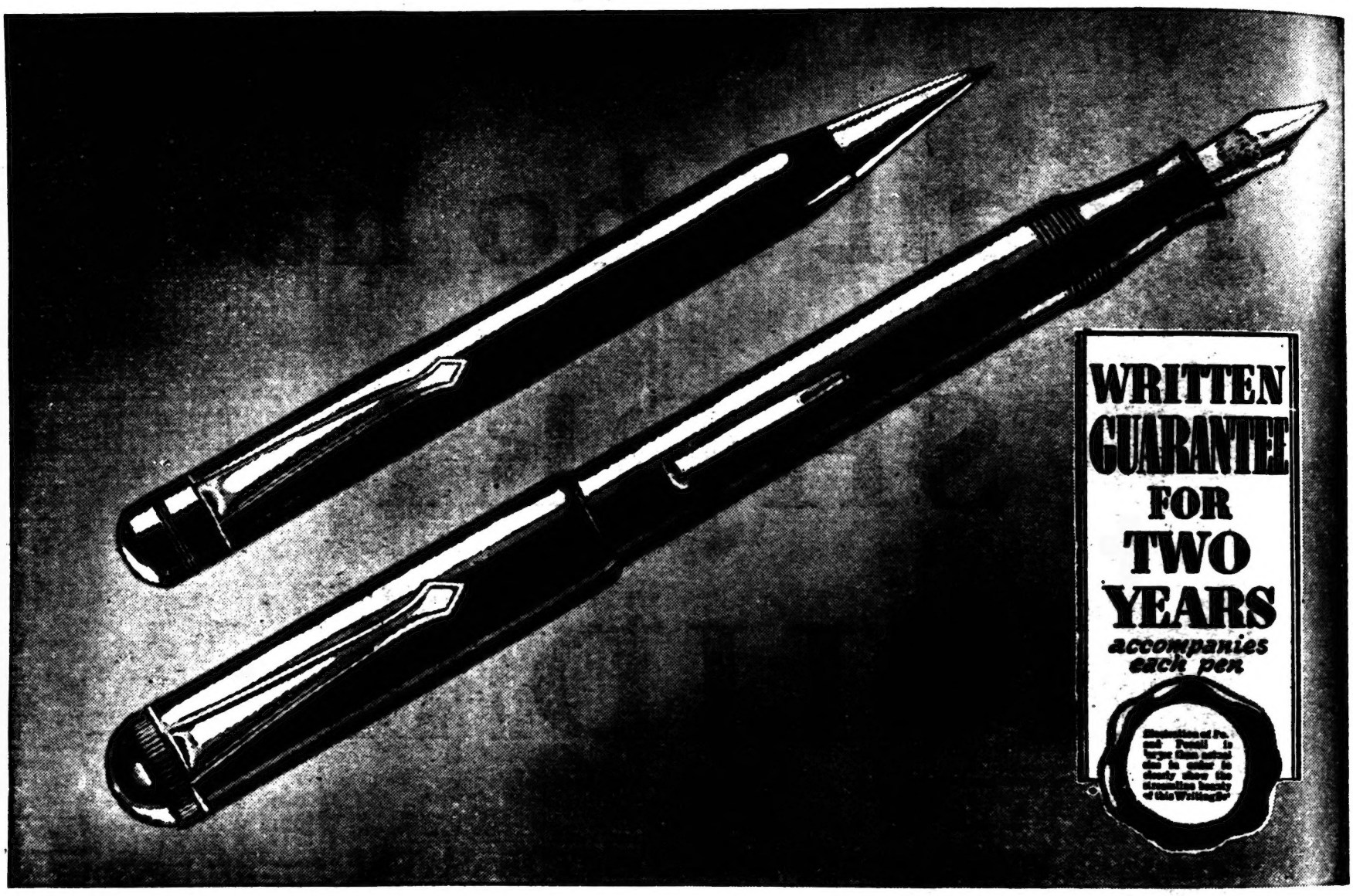
"After nearly nine months' hard work I became thoroughly run down. During my holiday I had a glass of Guinness each night before going to bed. At the end of my ten days' vacation I felt ready for duty again." M.B

That settles it. Let's all have a Guinness a day during our holidays. Partly because Guinness is so obviously right for hot or strenuous days—so clean and refreshing with its pleasing tang of hops. Partly because Guinness gives you strength, so that the refreshment does not vanish in a few minutes. And finally because all the time it's toning you up for the year to come. Treat yourself to a Guinness daily. Guinness is good for you.

The above doctor's letter is quoted with special permission.

G.E.999.D

A WONDERFUL



POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORM AND LABEL

A

THE PICTUREGOER

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN AND PROPELLING PENCIL — FREE!

RESERVATION FORM

Address your envelope exactly as shown below and post to :—

Writing Set Dept. "J.2," "The Picturegoer,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Prof.).

This Form reserves the Free Writing Set for you.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name my Writing Set Gift, and send me a Voucher on which to qualify. I certify that I am NOT already a reader of "The Picturegoer" and have not purchased the journal for the past three months. I undertake AS A BONA FIDE NEW READER to give "The Picturegoer" a fair trial for ten weeks. I will see that the undermentioned newsagent has my written order for the regular supply of "The Picturegoer" and give his name and address for verification.

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp.

New Reader's Signature .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS — Full Postal Address .....

.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

Date_____/ .....

LEAVE BLANK

Checked and Verified

.....
District Supervisor

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Tuesday, August 8.

This offer applies only to those residing in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland or Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

"John Bull" 29/7/39

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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Pic/J.2.

W/8

Look for this "Picturegoer" Cover at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

This wonderful Gift is being made by "The Picturegoer" to celebrate years of unparalleled success in film journalism and to introduce itself to an even wider circle of readers. The issue now on sale is a grand number with which to start your acquaintanceship with the greatest screen magazine in Europe. It has brilliant behind-the-scenes gossip of London and Hollywood studios—stories of the films—news from Hollywood—beautiful photos of the stars—stills from the films and WONDERFUL WHOLE PAGE PORTRAITS IN COLOUR OF FAMOUS FILM STARS, and many other exclusive features. Hurry for your first copy to-day and, as you get it give your newsagent an order to supply "The Picturegoer" to you regularly every Thursday, price twopence.

LIFETIME GIFT!

This Beautiful Modern Streamlined

WRITING SET

Consisting of **SELF FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN AND COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL**

FREE!

for every reader of **JOHN BULL**

LOOK!... Here's a really wonderful opportunity which you are advised to seize at once! Would you like a superb SOLID GOLD NIB, SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN guaranteed for two years, and a companion EVER-POINTED PROPELLING PENCIL—both made to match in a beautiful brilliant black material — the perfect Writing Set — yours FREE? That is the grand Gift which readers of "John Bull" are invited to accept to-day. But you must apply at once on the Forms on the opposite page. Supplies of this magnificent Writing Set are strictly limited and all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Be amongst the first to reserve this great Gift by posting the Forms at once!

THE FOUNTAIN PEN is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib which has a velvet-smooth tip of iridium—a pen that is a joy to use, and gives years of good service. The pen is exquisitely made out of an unbreakable material—and is fitted with the latest classic style clip.

THE EVER-POINTED PENCIL is made of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overturnable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the pen and pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design, and give perfect balance and grip.

All you are asked to do to secure this Splendid Gift is, AS A NEW READER, to give "The Picturegoer," Britain's greatest screen weekly, a fair trial—simply take it for 10 weeks commencing with the issue Just Out! In return, "The Picturegoer" will present to you this splendid Writing Set FREE!

There is "no catch." THERE IS NOT A PENNY TO PAY OTHER THAN THE NOMINAL AMOUNT OF 6d. (Sixpence) at the end of the trial period, which includes special packing, insurance and postage, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Reservation Form "A" and Label on opposite page and post at once to "The Picturegoer." Be sure to affix halfpenny stamp to the Label.

On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label this magnificent Writing Set will be reserved in your name and "The Picturegoer" will send you your FREE GIFT VOUCHER on which you qualify for your Set. To qualify, you simply cut out and send in with the Voucher, Ten consecutive tokens from Ten separate weekly issues of "The Picturegoer." Applicants from this announcement may start with Token No. "22" in the bottom LEFT-hand corner of the back cover of the issue of "The Picturegoer" just out, or a Token from a subsequent issue. No Token prior to No. "22" and no other Series of Tokens will be accepted in connection with this offer.

It is a condition that your Newsagent must hold your written order for the regular supply of "The Picturegoer." Hand him your Order to-day. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE FREE Writing Set.

Everyone needs a Writing Set; even if you already possess one it is a great advantage to have another Set such as this for personal use. So don't miss this great opportunity! Be amongst the first applicants by filling in the forms on opposite page and posting them at once!

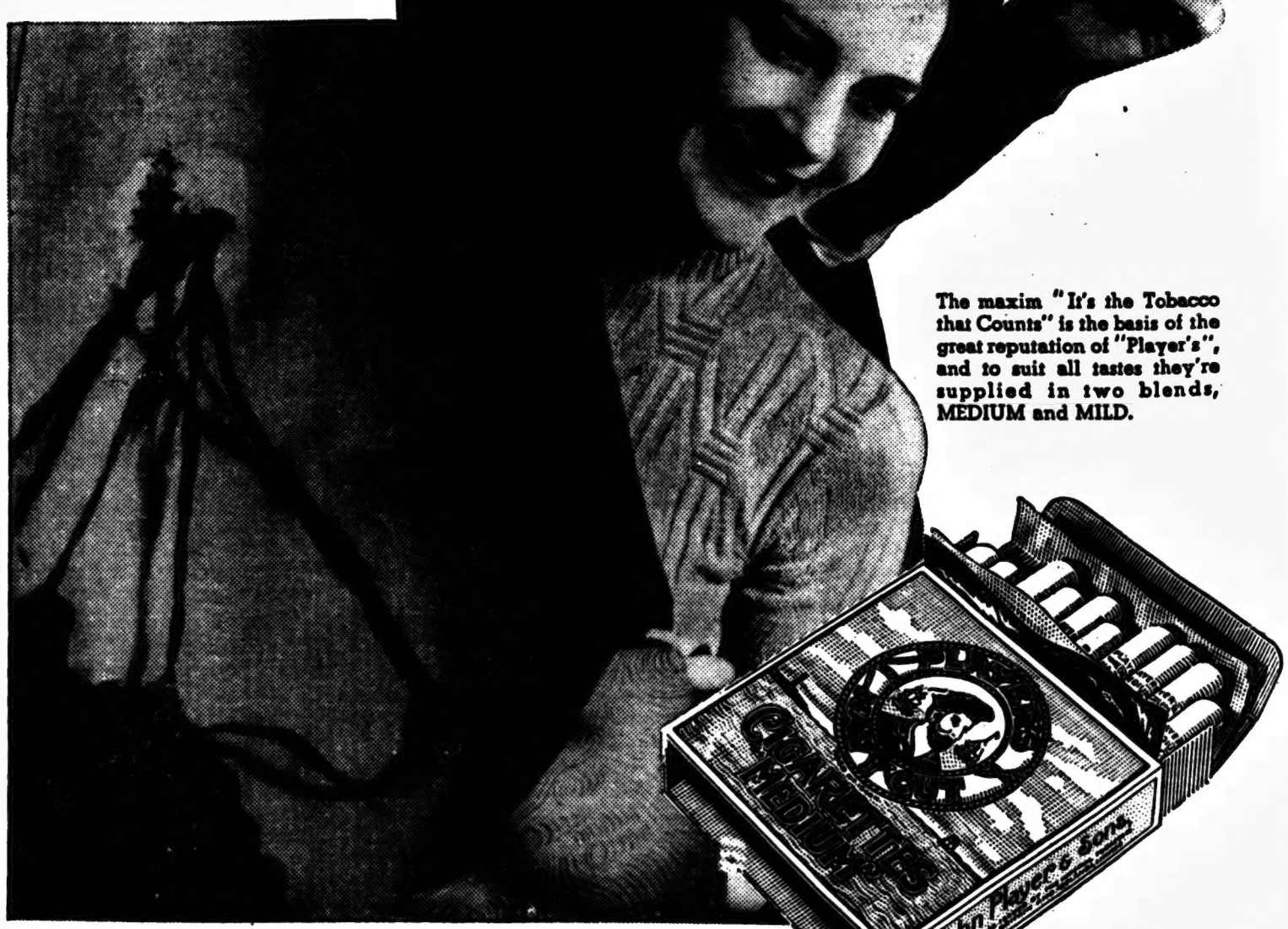
APPLY AT ONCE—POST FORMS TODAY

Now...smile

PLAYER'S PLEASE

Well, when you're smoking Player's...it's a natural thing to do. So, make the most of long, lazy days by sea or countryside . . . keep that happy expression — Player's Please — well in mind. These popular cigarettes make every activity more enjoyable. Wherever you go, whatever you do —

THEY'RE
ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE



The maxim "It's the Tobacco that Counts" is the basis of the great reputation of "Player's", and to suit all tastes they're supplied in two blends, MEDIUM and MILD.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES ARE OBTAINABLE MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

NCC 91B

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Chins Up for Britain!

THINGS are looking up. Troops are massing, yes (as we report elsewhere on this page), but diplomats are more optimistic now than at any time since the beginning of this year.

Whitehall is particularly pleased with behind-the-scenes moves of the last few days.

So we feel justified in warning you again to discount the gloomy predictions of prating know-alls.

Avoiding the Axis

Prince Paul left London last week after affirming Yugoslavia's determination to steer clear of the Axis. You may recall that we were able to reveal his decision even before he reached this country.

Secondly, Whitehall is pleased because Bulgaria's King Boris has quietly let it be known that he regards Peace Front arrangements as sounder than Nazi promises, and he's coming to London for important negotiations.

Hungary, though anxious not to make open moves against the Nazis, has also sent envoys to make contact with the democratic Governments.

He'll Take Hint

So, Herr Hitler being an extremely shrewd statesman, it is highly improbable that he would risk a European war knowing that Turkey, Greece and Rumania are in the Peace Front and the rest of the Balkans are sympathetic towards it.

Army No. 1

Another heartening factor is that our military chiefs are greatly impressed by France's preparedness. And you can take it for granted that the broad facts of France's army strength are also known to other countries.

The French Army is still the finest in the world, and no Power is likely to challenge both it and the British Navy.

Spy Comb-out

France feels herself so strong that she is taking action she shunned a few months ago for fear of reprisals. Hence the great spy comb-out.

A German woman well known both in Paris and London is the "secret figure" behind that big scandal. Many prominent French politicians were friendly with her; when a leading German pro-

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

AT HOME—

By the end of August, Britain will have three-quarters of a million men under arms.

* * *

BUT, DESPITE POSSIBILITY OF A SEPTEMBER "CRISIS," THE PRIME MINISTER IS CONSIDERING A BIGGEST-EVER AUTUMN ATTEMPT TO ARRANGE A EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT.

* * *

Fleets of French bombers will drone over Britain in second week of August, when our biggest anti-aircraft exercises will be held.

* * *

Air Ministry Intelligence section has been trebled—to keep an eye on German Air Force which our experts predict will reach its peak in September.

Thereafter it will steadily decrease its superiority over the R.A.F., because, as we have told you, since April our production rate of new machines has been considerably greater than the German rate. Moreover, the quality of our 'planes is far better.

* * *

WHY THE PELL-MELL HASTE IN RUSHING THROUGH THE PREVENTION OF VIOLENCE BILL? ONE REASON IS THAT INSURANCE COMPANIES RECENTLY TOLD THE GOVERNMENT THE INSURANCE RATES FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF POLICIES WOULD HAVE TO BE DOUBLED UNLESS TERRORISM WAS QUICKLY STAMPED OUT.

* * *

Without fuss or publicity, German agents are being turned out of Britain—sometimes a dozen a week. Home Office simply asks them to go, and sees that they do.

* * *

Duke of Devonshire is likely to succeed Lord Tweedsmuir as Governor-General of Canada at the end of this year.

* * *

This week's surprise: General Sir John Dill, the Aldershot chief, is likely to go to India as commander in-chief there. Hitherto he's been marked out as leader of a British expeditionary force if war came. But now it's felt that a strong man is wanted in India, where trouble would undoubtedly be stirred up if the European situation worsened.

* * *

Hitch in the barter deal between Britain and the U.S.A.! American politicians want the plans changed in a way that would cost their Government a lot of money. But both London and Washington are satisfied that the deal with go through shortly.

General Sir John Dill will be India's "man of iron" if war should come

—AND ABROAD

U.S.A. GOVERNMENT IS SEEKING TO BUY ALL ISLANDS — FIFTY IN ALL — WITHIN 1,500-MILE RADIUS OF THE PANAMA CANAL IN ORDER TO BUILD AIR BASES AND HARBOURS, AND THUS SCREEN THE CANAL FROM ATTACK.

* * *

Chief aim of the new French drive against Nazi agents is to keep secret important new defence work on and behind the Maginot Line.

* * *

French police are also quietly "cleaning up" the Franco-Italian frontier, where defence work has been proceeding rapidly during recent months.

* * *

GERMANY'S EFFORTS TO UNDERMINE ANGLO-RUSSIAN PACT TALKS BY OFFERING BIG TRADE CREDITS ARE NOT WORRYING WHITEHALL, WHICH KNOWS THAT THE KREMLIN HAS ALREADY TURNED DOWN THE OFFERS.

* * *

An entire Storm Troop company (S.A. Sturm VII/46), stationed near Berlin, has been dissolved owing to "Marxist disintegration." Thirty members have been sent to concentration camps; the rest posted to other companies.

* * *

Germany is continuing the new Berlin-Breslau motor road right up to the Polish frontier.

* * *

AND, THOUGH SOFT-PEDALLING THE DANZIG SITUATION, THE NAZIS ARE MOVING STILL MORE TROOPS TO POLAND'S SLOVAKIAN FRONTIER, WHERE THE CRACOW DISTRICT OF POLISH INDUSTRY IS ALMOST WITHIN RANGE OF GERMAN GUNS.

* * *

Anti-Nazism is so rampant in Bohemia and Moravia that the German "Protectors" there now censor weather forecasts. The State Meteorological Office in Prague recently issued a bulletin stating ". . . quiet conditions prevail in Germany, but there is some likelihood of disturbances. Better weather from the East will soon be here. . . ."

* * *

Blue-blooded Duke of Alba, Franco's London envoy, is playing a big part behind the scenes in international affairs. He has friends at the Foreign Office.

* * *

Angered by continual insults from the Japanese, our naval and military authorities in Shanghai have demanded permission to "take appropriate measures" without reference to London. Foreign Office has refused.

Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

Pensioners Frighten M.P.s
Wicked Means Test Torture

pagandist was expelled from France, the lady decided that it was time she went back to Germany.

Good Customers

Worth noting also is that plans are afoot for France to buy large quantities of certain arms materials from us.

Good business for Britain. And you might remember, if anyone tells you that the French stick to us for what they can get, that France buys very much more from us than she sells to us.

Only other countries whose trade balance is in Britain's favour are South Africa and Eire.

—And Bad Business

But it's bad business—in the eyes of Downing Street—that the old folks at home want more money so that they can buy more.

On a single day last week, nineteen petitions were presented by M.P.s, another M.P. asked an awkward question, and a deputation called at the Prime Minister's house.

All were concerned with the raising of old-age pensions.

Agitation Growing

Ministers are finding that blunt refusals cannot get rid of the agitation. Indeed, the agitation is growing. And M.P.s—with a General Election looming in their minds—are growing restive.

If the campaigners keep it up, they will win. For no Government can ignore for long a demand that, it is anticipated, will receive the support of ten million electors.

"Mental Torture"

Similarly, we are convinced that this country can afford to give more humane treatment to the poor-law victims.

The Ministry of Health has just reported that on January 1 more than a million people in England and Wales were receiving poor relief.

Relief! Letters streaming into this office suggest that a more appropriate term would be "mental torture."

Light is "Luxury"

One well-educated, unemployed man who writes to us alleges that the relieving officer made his wife empty her purse as proof of destitution, ordered them to get rid of their dog, and described the electric light in their rooms as a "luxury."

Yes, and informed their new landlord that his tenants were on the poor law!

We can assure you that this letter is typical. No consolation for this damnable inhumanity that in some places the Means Test is administered by kindly officials!

Do Something!

Hardly less unjust is that incident at Kenton, Middlesex, in which bailiffs seized the furniture of a newly married couple whose rent was fully paid but who were legally responsible for another man's rent arrears.

Actually, thousands suffer from the rotten law that allows a landlord to put in the bailiffs without a court's permission. An official committee has been considering the evil for some months. Can't someone goad it into making up its mind?

Good Example

The best contrast to that aspect of housing is the new town built within five miles—incredible though it sounds—of Charing Cross.

It's the new L.C.C. estate on the site of the old White City amusement park. Flats with beautiful rooms, gas refrigerators, laundries, tiled bathrooms.

Soon there will be clinics, churches, a community centre with reading-rooms.

Noble Advice

Authorities not so powerful as the London County Council could do the same. Indeed, the Minister of Health is constantly urging them to do so. Which sounds very noble of him.

But the Public Works Loan Board, which his Ministry controls, refuses to grant them the necessary money.

And that usually happens in the towns where new houses are most needed—the overcrowded, depressed areas where rates are high and the councils' funds are exhausted.

Wanted—New Brooms

Whitehall's dickering over money is even harming our reputation abroad. Small countries in the Peace Front discover that we haggle for months before giving them the credits we promised.

So it is in the case of Poland. Bulgaria, still without the petty £400,000 we guaranteed in the Spring, is having to send most of her exports to Germany. It took ten weeks for us to sign a deal with our powerful ally Turkey, whereas Germany is willing to conclude such negotiations within a few hours.

Our Treasury has needed a whole set of new brooms for years. Never has the need been more urgent than it is to-day.

Dole for Shipowners

However, when it's a matter of *giving* your money to vested interests no questions are asked.

British shipowners are to be paid the dole providing they and their foreign friends maintain freight rates. As foreigners can work their ships very much below British costs, this means that we shall help to push up the foreigners' profits.

Why Not British?

Again, the subsidy for building new British ships is proving a rich present for Scandinavian and Belgian firms who are making many of the steel castings for those ships.

Not being British-at-any-price zealots, we should not complain if those castings could not be made as well or as cheaply by unemployed British steelworkers.

As it is, we think you have a right to feel that your money could be better spent.

Poor Remedies

Nor do we think it necessary expenditure that Spanish fishermen should be paid to teach British fishermen how to fish. Yet that's the position in Milford Haven, and it's supposed to be one way of saving our fishing industry from ruin.

Another way is to restrict supplies. Yet another, to see that the public is charged a shilling a pound for fish that yield less than twopence a pound to the fisherman.

So it's hardly surprising that the various Government Boards have failed to stop the rot, and that there are now less than 46,000 fishermen, as against 77,000 in 1914.

Lessons Learnt

But credit where credit is unexpectedly due. The nation is relieved that some lessons of the *Thetis* disaster have already been learned and new submarines will be safer.

Better still if Lord Mottistone could succeed when, next week in the House of Lords, he repeats JOHN BULL's plea for the abolition of submarine craft!

Wide Empty Spaces

Another forward step is suggested by the Government's excellent decision to aid private bodies which cater for refugees.

Should not the possibility of settling suitable aliens in those "wide empty spaces of Empire" be considered again—and this time more carefully.

Not much use sniffing at the claims of Have-Not Nations when we fail to develop our own idle possessions!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

APPALLING DIVORCE MUDDLE

THE law is open to everybody—like the Ritz Hotel.

That is not our phrase. It belongs to the late Lord Darling. He knew, and because he knew so much there is a bitter truth behind the wit.

But we were reminded of that famous remark the other day when we came to examine some of the later workings of the Poor Persons' Act, and especially in regard to divorce.

THERE WAS A NEWS ITEM LAST WEEK TO THE EFFECT THAT 2,000 PEOPLE MUST WAIT FOR THE HEARING OF THEIR CASES UNTIL AFTER THE NEXT SITTINGS, WHICH BEGIN IN OCTOBER.

Some of these cases have been listed since Easter. And among the many reasons advanced for piled-up arrears is the absence of divorce judges on other work.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, for instance, has been engaged for many weeks on the *Thetis* enquiry. To the unfortunate litigants this delay means an extra heavy burden of costs as well as the added strain of waiting for their freedom and a chance to begin a new life.

But if the people who can well afford to pay the full costs of legal proceedings in divorce must yet submit to all this muddle and delay, what do you think is happening to those who cannot afford the cost of law?

Here is one example sent to us by a North Country reader of JOHN BULL. A Walsall woman put her divorce case in hand in April, 1936.

But such is the chaos and delay in Poor Persons' actions that the case was heard only last month.

So it has taken three years and two months for this woman to get the relief for which she asked.

When at length it reached the Court the Judge disposed of the case in eight minutes!

She now has to wait another six months for her decree to be made absolute.

Thus, nearly four years will have gone by before she gets her freedom.

During all this waiting time she has had to keep herself as well as she could.

And, of course, any hope of rebuilding a new home has been out of the question while the divorce proceedings were hanging over her head.

FURTHERMORE, when the case was called it was heard in an assize town a long distance from her home.

When her representative arrived he was informed that counsel handling the case had received no notice of an alimony claim, and it was now too late to ask for one.

So, although the husband is in a good way of business, she gets no alimony, and he contributes nothing to the maintenance of their child.

SUCH CASES OF THREE AND EVEN FOUR YEARS' DELAY IN THE HEARING OF POOR PERSONS' DIVORCE ACTIONS, AS WELL AS OF CURSORY HANDLING IN THE END, ARE COMMON ENOUGH IN THE PROVINCIAL AREAS.

On an average JOHN BULL gets about a dozen complaints a week.

It was bad enough before the passing of Mr. A. P. Herbert's famous Matrimonial Causes Bill.

Since that Act, with its greatly extended grounds for divorce relief, the number of applications for Poor Persons' assistance has doubled.

Mr. A. Hassard-Short, London Secretary of the Poor Persons' Committee of the Law Society. For 24 years he has been helping poor people to get legal advice

The machinery of the existing system simply cannot cope with the work put on it.

In the very first month after the passing of the Act the various Poor Persons Committees had to deal with more than 3,000 applications for divorce assistance—which was about the previous figure for a whole year.

We have nothing but praise for the record of these Committees, and gratitude to counsel and solicitors who have given their time and skill for nothing, and have conducted about 16,000 cases in the last ten years.

But in the name of the equal right to justice of all, rich or poor, the time has come to ask whether the Poor Persons system, good as it has been, should not be greatly extended, or else replaced by some State-assisted version of the "Poor Man's Lawyer."

HERE is a sample of the kind of complaint we are continually receiving. It is contained in a letter from a man in a Lancashire town.

"Five years ago my wife left me with three young children on my hands, and is now living with another man," he says.

"A year ago, as I wanted to remarry, I tried to get one of these '£5 divorces.' I am still trying. The nearest Poor Persons office is 10 miles from my home, and I can only see the solicitor after 6 p.m.

"Altogether I must have had a score of interviews about my case, and am as far off as ever. Sometimes the original solicitor cannot spare me much time because of the queues waiting. Or a strange solicitor takes over and I have to go over most of my case again.

"It may seem mean of me to complain when I am getting so much advice and assistance for nothing, but all this delay is very disheartening, and it is a tragedy for me and the decent woman I want to marry as soon as I am free.

"I can't help thinking that if I had the usual £50 or £60 for a divorce by ordinary means, it might be a different story."

It can be taken for granted that for the 2,000 people whose actions have been held up at the High Courts through shortage of judges and the cumbersome machinery of divorce procedure, there are five times as many Poor Persons who must wait because of delay in getting their cases ready.

The difficulty often is increased by the fact that there are many large towns in the country which have no "official" poor man's lawyer.

Applicants must often travel long distances to the nearest centre, and these places have to cope with an unfair burden of work.

Last year, for instance, in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London 14,000 applicants were given advice. More than half the applicants wanted help in divorce proceedings.

A GOOD record of work. But it has to be remembered that large towns like Bolton, Derby, Luton, Stockport, Sunderland, Preston, Wolverhampton, Cardiff, Leeds, Nottingham, and many more, have no Poor Man's Lawyer centres.

THERE IS ANOTHER POINT. WHERE THE CENTRES EXIST, THE ADVICE IS MAINLY GIVEN BY YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED SOLICITORS AND BARRISTERS WHOSE PRIME OBJECT IS TO GET EXPERIENCE.

It is the exception to find experienced lawyers who have the time to assist at the centres.

But even when this is so, and because the sessions are held usually from 6.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., these men, willing as they may be, are often too tired after their day's work to give their best skill and attention.

There is a simple remedy for the appalling muddle and delay in the handling of Poor Persons' cases. And not only in divorce matters but in other cases where legal help has to be sought.

That is State-assisted bureaux for Poor Persons' legal aid on the same lines as those already existing in Scandinavia, France and several other countries.

It has been estimated that such bureaux could be set up in every town in the country with a population over 50,000 for a total cost of no more than £120,000 per annum.

It would be easy to get suitable solicitors and barristers to run these centres.

They could serve another purpose—as a rallying point for a Public Defender system in criminal cases, a cause for which JOHN BULL has campaigned for many years.

But their main job would be to make the means of justice as available to the poor as to the rich.

"To no one shall we sell or deny justice . . . " is one of the prime clauses in Magna Carta. But until we end the many scandals and the cruel muddle of the Poor Persons procedure and the existing machinery for legal aid, that noble promise of the people's charter is empty of all meaning.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

Have you an idea, a grumble or a problem you'd like to pass on? Well, here's your chance. Write to "Voice of the People" and you can have an audience of millions. Your letter may do untold good—so USE YOUR VOICE. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHY should there be any sort of means test for old-age pensions? I read of a dear old lady, aged 84, and seeking to support herself on £37 17s. 9d. earned for a year's teaching, having to ask for charity.

Then I know of a daughter disqualified for a tiny income, although she devoted her life to the care of her parents.

That £26 annually would be a great boon to all old folk whose income is under £100 a year.—Miss Charlotte Clarke, St. Swithins, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

One school of political thought argues that everybody—even millionaires—should be compelled to accept old-age pensions. It isn't so startling when you weigh the reasons advanced: that people should regard such pensions as the reward for years of good citizenship and not a charity.

Money in Advance

If the Government thinks people should lay in a week's supply of food against eventualities, it should see that our unemployed have their money for next week's food in advance.

How else can they afford it?—Mrs. Thompson, Hatfield House Lane, Shiregreen, Sheffield.

A good scoring-point, that, for certain M.P.s.

Burden of Debt

When one hears of the frightening National Debt this country carries on its back, one wonders whether the rest of the Empire is free of such a burden. Surely the Mother Country must be the poorest of the Imperial Family.—N. J. T., New Cavendish Street, W.1.

Great Britain owes 11 years of its normal revenue, India and Newfoundland 10 years, New Zealand 9 years, Canada 7 years, South Africa 6 years, Australia 4¼ years, Isle of Man 1 year, and Gibraltar and Malta nil.

More important is that people of Great Britain can find money more readily than anybody else in the Empire—in fact, in the whole world.

Pity the Father

My wife has just presented me with our second child, and I have been delighted by the considerate enquiries as to the progress of her and our baby.

But no concern has been shown for my state of health. Perhaps people don't realise what mental agony a husband experiences.—John Whalley, Kent Road, St. Helens, Lancs.

Some primitive tribes take delicacies to the father while a baby is being born. He is tended like an invalid, while his wife goes unattended. Then some American hospitals provide rest-rooms, with restoratives and medical help if necessary, for the anxious men. Typical British attitude, however, is: "Out of the way with them. They can't do anything for the patient."

Real Gratitude

The workless men of this district have to count every penny twice, yet they have just bought a wedding present in the shape of a fountain-pen for a clerk at the local exchange who treated them with unfailing courtesy.

It entailed putting coppers away every week, yet not a man refused to help.—B. C., Bangor, North Wales.

We get complaints about surly Ministry of Labour clerks, but we get far more tributes to kindly ones.

First in the Field?

You pay tribute to the pioneer work of Messrs. Warner and Butlin in creating holiday camps for the masses, but you shouldn't have forgotten another pioneer.

Forty years ago Mr. Cunningham, a Liverpool man, was running Liverpool South End football club in the Lancashire League.

When the club was disbanded, he hit on the idea of big public seaside holiday camps, and started such a camp at Douglas, Isle of Man, where you will find it to-day as a living monument to a brilliant organiser and fine fellow.—E. Ellames, 40, Selby Road, Aintree, Liverpool.

This letter is one of many similar. We hope justice is now done.

Last Chance

All poisons must be labelled as such, according to law.

But why not put the antidote on the label, too? People seeing the bottle would know what help to give.

In addition, I am certain that many people, having deliberately taken poison, and with the first agonies on them, would take the last chance and try to undo the harm they had done themselves—if they knew how.—H. J. Pope, Scullsgate Cottage, Benenden, Kent.

A few firms do print the antidote on the bottle. We have also seen the caution: "Do not use an emetic." Anyhow, reader Pope's idea seems an excellent one.

Ancient Cooking

Our local Gas Department has got the worst profiteers beaten to a frazzle, as the enclosed bills will show.

Twenty-two years ago, when my father took over this house, he took over with it a reconditioned cooker and meter. He has paid fees for them (two: 3d. and 9d. per quarter) ever since.

The cooker having failed him, it was taken away and replaced with another reconditioned one that somebody may have paid 30 or 40 years' fees for.

Yet what would happen if we lost a small part from one of these antiques which we have bought over and over again?—Mrs. V., Yorks.

A Bill to stop the meter-rent ramp passed its first reading, but looks like being dropped, like so much more very necessary legislation has been.

Telling Their Age

Most people know that the concentric rings which you see when a tree is cut down show the age of the tree, but an old hedge-trimmer who chopped a willow down for me recently carried this much further.

He said it was possible to tell whether any particular ring represented a year of flood or drought. I didn't ask him to pull the other leg.—Miss E. C., Sheffield.

No leg-pull. Study of timbers from ancient buildings up to 2,000 years old is helping scientists to chart the weather in past centuries.

Knowledge so obtained is making it possible to give more accurate long-distance weather forecasts. Also, age of buildings can be ascertained by these means.

Taking the Cake!

When a northern firm of millers offered the sum of £50 to the woman making the best loaf out of their brand of flour—with lesser prizes ranging down to half-a-crown—I decided to enter.

Not because I fancied myself as a cook, but merely because I thought that by winning a half-crown I would rebuff a very discouraging husband.

Never did I dream that of 38,000 loaves entered mine would win the £50.—Mrs. H. Brown, 3, Harworth Road, Bircotes, near Doncaster.

Safe in the Air

After reading your article "The Great Flying Fiasco," urging the development of civil aircraft, I am wondering whether you can give me any figures proving my contention that air-travel risks are now almost negligible.—Miss C. L., Dolphin Square, S.W.1.

Yes. Only one person was killed per 4,500,000 passenger miles flown on Empire air routes last year: not bad seeing that there are always tornadoes, whirlwinds, sandstorms, monsoons, or sand devils somewhere along those routes. America's record was one person killed per 15,000,000 passenger miles.

We're Standing Guard

NEARLY 35,000 militiamen have already been called to the Colours, and more than 200,000 will follow in the next twelve months.

How many burning individual problems do you think those figures represent?

Many thousands, certainly, for the number of letters on the subject that JOHN BULL's Free Advice Department has been called on by its readers to deal with goes well into four figures.

We have spared no pains to find a solution when the answer has not been readily available.

And how many cases of rank injustice—some inevitable because the machinery to create and maintain our New Army had to be hastily devised?

Again, thousands, as our postbag shows.

The authorities themselves have recognised blazing injustice in some cases reported to us.

WAR Office, Ministry of Labour and other offices have admitted to us that facts which some of these letters have yielded have opened their eyes to domestic and business hardships they didn't realise existed.

As a result, the Government has made a series of important concessions, highly gratifying to us, but still leaving us dissatisfied.

For old injustices go unremedied, and new ones arise.

We wish you could look over our shoulder at some of the letters that reach us as a result of our campaign for fair play for the nation's defenders.

For instance, this batch, which we pick out at random:—

Here's a young man who merely wants a little postponement so that he can crown his years of study by taking his Final B.Sc. examination.

The Hardship Committee refuse it because he's not a University student, which he can't afford to be.

And here's a young man who has served four years in the Terriers (grounds for total exemption), but is told peremptorily that "it makes no difference."

A youngster is given the wrong calling-up date, resigns his job and is replaced, finds he won't be wanted yet, but can't get his job back because somebody else is occupying it for six months.

And now another of those many cases of a totally incapacitated youth (he has the full use of one arm only), being passed Grade I.

A boy who has built up a successful business as a result of several years of struggle is told by the Hardship Committee: "As a minor you have no right to own a business." (Shades of Hitler!)

And a militiaman who has made a verbal agreement to repay, at a pound a week, a loan which he longs to honour, although it hasn't got the power in law of a hire-purchase agreement, wonders what help he can get with that.

A Lancashire worker has been sacked on telling his employer he was being called up, and the employer is defiant about it.

(We have good reason to believe that the Ministry of Labour isn't going to be milksop about such employers, so they can look out for shocks!)

And here a man alleges that an M.P.'s mother sacked him on learning that he was going to be called up.

We hope there's some mistake, because that M.P. voted for the Military Service Act, with its stipulation that employers shouldn't be allowed to penalise militiamen!

Then another letter of thanks to us for our advice . . . which brings us to the end of that handful of letters.

AND now the courts which will "try" the 20-year-olds who object to military service have been set up. We want to know what problems they will yield, what injustices.

Particularly, we want to hear whether any members of these courts administer the laws of England grudgingly because those laws don't happen to meet with their approval.

We are anxious to deal with such people.

Before the September crisis we had unravelled a million problems for soldiers, sailors and airmen. More than 100,000 letters had been dealt with by our Pensions Department alone, which, during and after the Great War, wrested tens of thousands of pounds from war service departments for ex-Service men and their dependants.

These days of new national effort bring new problems, new worries. We are just as ready to deal with them.

Letters should be sent to Free Advice Department, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, marked "Services" in top left-hand corner of the envelope. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

A. G. Gardiner says that now's the time to rebuild Britain

Don't forget the HOME FRONT

THE floodgates of national expenditure are open wide. Day by day we read of £60,000,000 more for this arm, £20,000,000 more for that and £40,000,000 more for the other.

We are nominally at peace, but we are spending as if we were at war, and there is no visible end, except one, to the bonfire we are making of our national resources.

In the circumstances we can do no other. The destiny of mankind is in the balance and our own destiny with the rest, and no question of the counting-house can interfere with the necessity of saving the world and ourselves from universal anarchy.

But even in a time of such profligate expenditure, when all our energies are turned to the insane race in armaments, we must not forget that the efficiency of our war front is not the only guarantee of our security.

It is not even the chief guarantee.

IF WE ARE TO EMERGE FROM THESE YEARS OF STRAIN AND CRISIS WITH ANYTHING IN THE NATURE OF AN ENDURING VICTORY IT WILL BE BECAUSE OUR HOME FRONT HAS STOOD THE SHOCK.

And it will only stand the shock if our national structure is built upon an impregnable foundation.

For this reason there can be no more mistaken policy than to say that, because we are spending thousands of millions in preparing to defend our homeland, we cannot afford to spend a tithe of those millions in making that homeland worth defending.

Merely considered as a war measure, the consolidation of our home front is a task as urgent as the manufacture of bombers and the building of destroyers.

AND when it is added that every penny spent in improving the conditions of our people is reproductive expenditure, while the thousands of millions we are pouring out for armaments will perish in smoke and flame, the case for a drastic policy of reconditioning England is unanswerable.

The need of such a policy confronts us in every field of our national life.

DURING THE PAST YEAR THERE HAS APPEARED IN JOHN BULL A SERIES OF ARTICLES RECORDING THE INVESTIGATIONS OF EXPERTS INTO THE SOCIAL, INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC AILMENTS OF OUR SYSTEM THAT IN TOTAL CONSTITUTE A MENACE TO THE FUTURE STABILITY OF THE NATION.

In saying this I do not ignore the marvellous advance in social organisation that has been achieved in the past thirty years or so.

The general standard of life has been raised out of all comparison with that of fifty years ago.

Wages are higher; conditions are better; child labour is no longer exploited.

Education has been revolutionised. The health of children, which used to be entirely outside the purview of the State, is now one of its chief concerns.

Infantile mortality has been halved, and the expectation of life of each of us has been increased by more than five years.

Old-age pensions, once a dream, have become a commonplace that has lessened the bitterness of life at one end, as the feeding of hungry children has lessened it at the other.

Insurance against sickness and against unemployment has diminished the anxieties of life to the artisan class.

The amenities of life have become more widespread and the right of the wage-earner to holidays with pay is becoming universally accepted.

All this and much more has meant a vast redistribution of the resources of the nation and a draining of the morass of poverty which is reflected in better physical conditions and improved standards of social conduct.

But this is only a beginning.

We are on the right lines, but there are bigger tasks ahead and much has yet to be done before we have, as Blake said long ago, "built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

Is there anything which should give us graver concern than the flight of the peasantry from the soil?

A century ago we were mainly an agricultural people. To-day we are an urban people, herded together in great cities, lost to all contact with the sanities of Nature.

With the greatest market for foodstuff at our doors, millions of acres of cultivable soil are derelict for lack of labour, and as a nation we are becoming like a pyramid resting not on its base, but on its apex.

It must be reversed if we are to remain a great people.

And it can be reversed if we make the land as it is in France, a career for "a bold peasantry," who are the bedrock of a great State.

WE must turn back the flight from the land at whatever cost to vested interests.

The work of such institutions as the Land Settlement Association, with its 26 colonies spread all over the country from Northern Ireland to Sussex, points the way in which this trek back to the land can be accomplished.

But the driving power must come from the State and come without delay.

Or turn to the depopulation with which this country is now threatened. It is largely a question of housing.

If Hitler and Mussolini can squander their resources and the fruits of their brigandage on building vainglorious monuments of their power, we can address ourselves to the much more practical and human task of making new Londons and Manchesters in our Bermondseys and Ancoats.

There are other great problems, affecting both the life of the people and the development of the natural estate, which call for bold action on a national scale.

FOR example, we have an abundant rainfall; but unlike countries less happily situated in this respect, we are so neglectful of our resources that when, as so often happens, a drought comes whole areas are smitten with water famine.

In the same way coast erosion is allowed to work its devastation and thousands of acres, capable of feeding us and maintaining multitudes of stalwart peasants, are left undrained because the initial expenditure is too great for the owner, and the State disavows its plain responsibility.

If Mussolini can drain the great Pontine marshes, why can this rich country not drain its Borth bogs and fenlands?

Why should we allow it to be supposed that dictators can develop the natural estate better than democracies?

And so with the problem of transport, bedevilled by the competition of vested interests.

So with that urgent question of the development of oil supplies from our abundant coal.

So with that multitude of local needs, hospitals, bridges, fishery development, and so on, the supply of which would at once enrich the State, benefit the public and reduce unemployment.

DO NOT LET IT BE SAID THAT WE CANNOT AFFORD TO DO THESE THINGS. WE CANNOT AFFORD NOT TO DO THEM.

The home front is as vital a part of our policy of defence as our war front.

And unlike the expenditure on our war front, every penny spent on it will come back to us tenfold.

A Chance for Everyone

The Human Machine

IDEALS are at a discount in the present-day world: and that is what is fundamentally wrong with the present-day world.

The fallacy on which the world to-day is trying to live is that ideals aren't practical.

You can look where you will, take any example of progress you wish, and you will always find the same thing—that what to-day is regarded as hard common-sense was looked upon yesterday as somebody's unpractical ideal.

Someone once said that "Miracles are only the aspirations of the many carried out by the few." And isn't it true?

Isn't the essence of a "miracle" the making practical and practicable of some idea that everyone longs for but doesn't believe can ever be done?

That's where the individual comes in. That's where the individual—you, and me, and every one of us—is at fault to-day.

We know what is right, we believe in what is right, but we don't believe that what we know to be right is practical.

We lack faith. We lack moral courage. We're basing our lives and our beliefs on a coward's philosophy. We'll all back a horse of which we know nothing more than it's name, but we won't back ideas and beliefs that centuries of history have proved to be winners.

Whenever anyone has acted on the belief that there's no difference between idealism and commonsense, that justice and friendship and brotherhood are practical ideas, there's always been a lessening of friction and waste and fear.

And what's it all got to do with you?

Simply that if you act on this belief, someone else will: if someone else does, so will a third: and it won't be long before there are thousands doing it: and then it will work.

Natives in Nigeria have to get along without bridges. Royal Commissions make sweeping recommendations for development. Nothing is done!

PURGING the

This country is the owner-trustee of the greatest Colonial Empire the world has ever known.

It comprises more than fifty different territories, holding twice as many races and civilisations, and, as a going concern, is worth a bare minimum of nearly £500,000,000 in trade every year.

How is this trust, this colossal enterprise, being conducted?

Profound disquiet has recently been expressed on that subject by an ever-increasing number of authorities.

The Government has admitted that some grounds exist for those doubts by its surprise appointment of Sir George Gater, live-wire clerk to the L.C.C., as Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

The question is urgent. Whether we like it or not, Britain, in the eyes of the rest of the world, is already suspect or in the dock.

We are doing much. But could we not do more?

These pages examine the question so that you may know what is being done with your heritage.

ONCE a year, on the occasion of the Colonial Office estimates, the House of Commons gets a chance to debate the affairs of the vast British Empire.

This year, on June 7, the debate lasted barely six hours. Half-way through, the Commons had to drop the business of Africa, the West Indies, Newfoundland, and the destinies of the rest of the Empire.

Why? To discuss the Jarrow Corporation Bill for more than an hour.

AND FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS THE ONLY FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES M.P.S WILL GET WILL BE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON QUESTION-TIME.

Once a year and a few minutes every Wednesday!

There are village loan clubs which devote more time to their business than Parliament does to running the Colonial Empire.

And to this lack of supervision by the prime responsible authority we can ascribe nearly all the faults of our Colonial administration, and the condition it is now in.

On the credit side there is this to be said: No nation in the world's history has had to face such difficulties in its colonial administration as Great Britain to-day.

Crazy Economics

There is every reason to be proud of our record of the past. Huge territories, whole continents found as undeveloped land have been built up into nations, self-governing Dominions voluntarily freed from the control and leading strings of the Mother Country.

But this process came about in a different and perhaps a happier world.

The crazy economics of our generation had not come into the picture. There was freer interchange between the nations of the world's produce.

We had not started to burn grain and coffee because market prices were not good enough for the merchants.

We had not reached the stage of world "starvation in the midst of plenty."

TO-DAY THE COLONIES THAT ARE LEFT TO US—AND THEIR PEOPLES—MUST STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE AND DEVELOPMENT IN A CHANGED WORLD. AND THEY VARY ENORMOUSLY IN THEIR CAPACITY TO MAKE THEIR WAY.

Too Much Sugar

Some are happy possessors of mineral wealth like gold, tin or copper, for which there is always a world demand. Others must depend solely on agricultural goods which are the sport of the world's bourses and price "rings," or are dependent on the chance of new scientific developments.

In the West Indies and Mauritius, for instance, the sugar cane was the staff of life. But the needs of 1914-18 created the sugar beet industry and a large portion of the European markets for cane disappeared. So to-day in Mauritius 100,000 of its 400,000 population are unemployed and thousands face starvation.

In the West Indies as many more are idle on the sugar plantations and driven to rioting and bloodshed. There is too much sugar, so they go without bread.

Or again, the habits and customs of the native populations complicate the administrative problem and arrest the development of the country.

Kenya and the African highlands, for instance, have some of the most perfect pasture land in the world. These territories could be almost as great a meat producing region as the Argentine.

But the trouble is that the native will not breed cattle to sell. He holds his cattle in veneration.

They represent wealth and prestige to him. With them he buys wives and tribal power. He will not eat meat if he can help it, any more than an English worker would eat £1 notes.

And there are appalling geographical and climatic difficulties to contend with before these remaining colonial possessions can begin to develop.

Tropical pests which arise suddenly and obscurely can wipe out new kinds of crops which have taken a decade to nourish. Disease arises which plays havoc with native populations in transition from a savage to a civilised state.

Figures of Empire

The Colonies, not the Dominions, total 60 separate territories.

They have a population of 60,000,000 people.

In a good year their total export trade is worth £500 millions.

They are run by the Colonial Office, which costs £122,000 a year.

On their development the Mother Country by loans and grants spends only about £800,000 a year.

Public Works and Social Services expenditure in Great Britain totals £19 3s. 1d. per head of population. In Nigeria it is 5s. 8d.

Science Wins

PRODIGIOUS ENDEAVOUR AND EXPENSE IS LAVISHED BY THE COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION TO COPE WITH THESE PROBLEMS. IT IS GOING ON ALL THE TIME.

In Trinidad the entire cocoa industry was menaced by a dread disease called witch broom. There is no cure for it. But the Colonial Office mobilised all its agricultural scientists on a world search for cocoa seeds which would be immune.

They found such plants eventually in a territory along the Amazon River in South America. Seeds were collected and flown by aeroplane to the West Indies. There they have been germinated and entirely new plantations are arising to save the island's centuries old industry.

The newly planted coffee plantations of Kenya were being wiped out a year ago by an insect called the mealy bug. Hundreds of square miles were affected, and a generation of work with tens of thousands of invested capital was in danger.

Again the Colonial Office started a world search for a cure. It so happened that they discovered it nearly next door, a preying insect in Uganda. But they found it and the mealy bug is conquered.

On one agricultural research item alone the Colonial Development Fund spent £200,000. In Jamaica the local authorities reported that banana trees were menaced by a leaf spot disease, and that spraying was the only remedy.

Fighting Tsetses

THE COLONIAL OFFICE MADE ARRANGEMENTS SO THAT £250,000 COULD BE RAISED TO CARRY THIS OUT.

Whole battalions of doctors and health experts are engaged on combating disease.

In the Tanganyika Territory, for example, a free grant of £200,000 has just been made to rid the area of the deadly tsetse fly, carrier of "sleepy sickness."

It is worth remembering that this is one of the mandated territories which Hitler is demanding the return of. It is two-thirds infested with the fly, and is one of the plague spots of Africa.

The health and nutrition of the native is the concern of yet other departments of the colonial administration.

Tens of thousands of African school children are supplied under free milk schemes, slum clearance projects are being carried out in ports and mining villages which are a legacy from the days when the stress was laid more on exploitation than development.

In the West Indies, Africa and Newfoundland public works, like roads, railways, houses, and water supplies, are being pushed forward constantly.

Last year the Colonial Development Fund made grants in aid and loans of nearly £1,000,000 towards these purposes.

These few items are one side of

Despairing workers gather in protest outside the Administrative Offices in St. John's, Newfoundland. It has been our oldest colony's blackest year

EMPIRE'S BLACK SPOTS

the picture. The trouble about them is that, laudable as they are, they are not enough.

NOT HALF ENOUGH TO BUILD UP THAT IDEAL OF CONTENTED AND PROSPERING COLONIES WHICH HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE KEYPOINT OF THE BRITISH TRADITION.

We all know the other side of the picture. The news columns have been full of it for the past three or four years, of strikes and riots and starving hordes in nearly every colonial possession.

The root cause of such appalling events lies much deeper than in ills which can be solved by doctors, agricultural scientists or engineers. It is a disease that can be cured only by political action and by an overhaul of our entire colonial administration.

While Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was presenting his statement to the House on the Colonial Estimates in June, the Bishop of one of our oldest possessions was getting up a collection.

Gagged

He was collecting odd sums among the British public for the starving inhabitants of his diocese.

The colony was St. Helena. In this charming island all the land capable of cultivation on the highlands is owned by three persons. And the supply of nearly all foodstuffs is in the hands of two persons.

All five are on the executive council nominated by the Governor. All protests against the high price of food, all demands for a cheap share of land, all strikes for better wages or living conditions have been suppressed.

In the paradisal West Indies the sole equipment needed by a labourer is a ground-sheet and a tin-opener.

HE IS COMPELLED TO WORK IN THE PLANTATIONS AND OIL WELLS OF GREAT EUROPEAN COMBINES FOR SO MANY HOURS THAT HE HAS NO TIME TO GROW FOOD FOR HIS OWN CONSUMPTION.

So the majority of the native population has to live on tinned meat, tinned fruit, fish and vegetables.

And this in a land so fertile that nearly every food crop will spring up almost untended.

In many parts of Africa "recruiting," or contract labour, is still the order of the day. In Tanganyika, according to statements made in the House during the last Colonial debate, about 22,000 people are under contract labour.

The recruitment contracts are drawn up in an iniquitous fashion. They are full of penal clauses. For instance, if a man is even late for work he can be fined one-half of his weekly wages or be sent to prison for a month.

Sir George Gater, new Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies. How much will he do?

Slavery

Men "recruited" by a great British combine are paid on average 8s. a month, and 1s. less if they are supplied with rations. Out of this amount they must provide for their families, their future when the contract period is up, and they must pay the various taxes.

Part and parcel of these worst aspects of our present colonial administration is the way labour troubles are handled when, as is inevitable under these conditions, unrest arises.

In Mauritius recently there was a strike because of general labour conditions. The special reason was the high-handed dismissal of one of the men's representatives.

The Governor's reply to the strike was to call out the police and the military. The men's leaders were arrested and deported to another island, an ocean speck hundreds of miles away.

IN A FEW DAYS A LONDON NEWSPAPER TRIUMPHANTLY REPORTED THAT THE "GOVERNOR HAS BROKEN THE BACK OF THE STRIKE."

We could go on giving abundant examples of the state to which labour conditions have been brought in many of our best colonies.

The usual excuse is to plead the upset world economic conditions for the widespread unemployment and hunger among the native populations. But has anything ever been done by the Government at home to improve the economic outlook of these colonies?

It is astonishing but true that fifteen of our chief colonies, including the huge country of Nigeria with its population of nearly 20,000,000, are without a single official trade representative from Great Britain.

For all intents and purposes these colonies are just a gift to the business firms who happen to have established themselves on the spot. If these firms care to force down prices of produce, retard developments, or do nothing at all—then that is just too bad for the colony.

During the past five years there have been three great surveys or Royal Commissions, which have gone out to these places and made sweeping recommendations for improvement. For all the action taken their reports need never have been written.

EACH YEAR THE COLONIAL SECRETARY GETS UP IN THE HOUSE AND SMUGLY REMINDS US OF OUR DUTIES TO THE COLONIES AND TO THE WORLD.

He repeats the lofty aspirations of our colonial ideals, with their implication that we are divine rulers of the lower races.

Not a Word!

But not a word about the serious crisis the colonies are facing or of any measures to be taken to deal with it.

The dictators' line towards us is—"Why act like a dog in the manger? If you cannot and *are* not making a go of your colonies, hand them over to us, and we will."

They tell us that our colonies are in trust for the world. We admit it, but how are we fulfilling that trust?

During the debate on June 7 there were never more than 100 M.P.s out of the total of 615 in the House. And for the next year colonial affairs will be completely forgotten.

The appointment of the new Colonial Office chief is a hopeful sign. But much more action is needed.

Whatever his efforts they must be watched over and implemented by Parliament. One first step to tackle the labour unrest spreading throughout the Empire must be an overhaul of the colonial administration which will permit of direct negotiation between the natives' representatives and the executive wherever it is.

AT PRESENT THAT IS NOT SO. TOO MANY COLONIES ARE RULED BY BLIMPS WHO STILL BELIEVE THAT "TRADE FOLLOWS THE FLOG"—OR BY CITY OF LONDON SHAREHOLDERS.

Only Remedy

But economic improvement is the most vital object. The great untilled areas of the colonies must be developed for the benefit of their own peoples and of us all. That is what colonies are for. Not to be exploited or left to stagnate.

And the first step towards that is the full assumption by Parliament of its responsibilities in the matter.

We want no more once-a-year debates. We want a full Parliamentary Committee of all parties which will meet *once a week*, and which the Colonial Secretary must face to report progress.

The position is serious. In view of the existing world situation, it could not very well be worse. And Parliament must take that action, the only possible action, while we have any colonies left.

Brides or 'Grooms £26 5s. a Time

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS'

Grave Marriage Mart Scandal

Solicitors, Please Note!

I would like to make it quite clear that the confidential bulletins I will be issuing to solicitors individually as occasion demands are ENTIRELY GRATUITOUS.

The many requests I have received for this service show the widespread interest it has aroused.

I shall be glad to add the names of any solicitors to my list if they will write to me personally.

1 Woman is 3 Firms

WINIFRED MAUD AMSBRIDGE, of Extel House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C., seems to be an exceedingly busy woman, and it is time her many activities were better known.

No doubt, for instance, the people who receive her gushing betting circulars from Extel House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C., will be surprised to hear that she is also "J. R. Phillips," of 1, 2 and 3, Prince's Court, W.C., and the Monmouth Press, of 45, Monmouth Street, W.C.

Extel House and 1, 2 and 3, Prince's Court are the same premises in a small alleyway.

The Monmouth Street address is in the basement of a tenement building. At the same place is the St. Andrews Press, also owned by Winifred Maud Amsbridge.

When one of my representatives called at Extel House he was told by a girl in the enquiry office that her employer "was out all day at the races."

She must need a magic carpet to get around to all the meetings and bring off the big scoops she promises people who agree to let her bet for them with HER money.

That's the lure she holds out in all three of her systems under different names.

First comes the offer of what is called a free trial week. The winnings are placed to your credit, but you have to send the commission, which varies between 1s. and 2s. in the £.

Similarly, commission or losses have to be paid each week during the remaining month.

At the end of that time your golden harvest is supposed to come in, but the whole arrangement is governed by numerous rules printed in small type, and there are all kinds of reasons for the jubilant punter finishing up owing money.

Complaints from disillusioned readers are constantly reaching me, and I can only once again advise everyone to have nothing to do with this scheme in particular, whether it is offered by W. M. Amsbridge, J. R. Phillips, the Monmouth Press or any other of the kind philanthropists who want to give you money.

IN bigamy cases, particularly where women victims have been fleeced of their savings, you constantly read: "They met through a matrimonial agency."

Yet the tragic lesson seems to be wasted because the racket is more flourishing than ever it was.

Recently it has, without doubt, been rekindled by the ridiculous glamour and publicity piled round a marriage bureau started in Bond Street, London, by Miss Mary Oliver and Miss Heather Jenner, two Society girls.

Now their rich stunt, it appears, has been copied by a Swedish woman. She has, this week, announced her intention of launching a "Marriage Introduction Service" not far away in Old Bond Street. The Oliver-Jenner concern charges big fees, £5 5s. down and 25 or 30 guineas when the marriage takes place.

The Swedish woman insists that it is not her primary idea to make money, but, of course, the business must pay for itself!

Whatever titles they use and however exclusive the fees may be, these two Mayfair establishments are not one wit different in principle from the tawdry little back-street agencies.

No different, for instance, from the Private Service Bureau, Canvey Island, Essex, which I have just come across.

Except that this hole-and-corner business goes one better.

It not only offers to bring lonely people together for 3s. a year, but also offers the fullest advice about divorce for 1s.

Advertisements for both services appeared in the same issue of a North London newspaper!

I find on enquiry that this most obliging bureau is not recorded in the Business Names Registry; letters are called for at a local post office, and whoever is running it lives in a small bungalow.

But the menace of this marriage introduction commerce is just as serious wherever it may be conducted.

The people behind it gather in their fees and bring strangers together without taking the slightest precaution to verify their bona fides.

It is only to be expected, therefore, that these agencies become the happy hunting ground of unscrupulous men and women gold-diggers.

* * *

Only a few days ago Peter Raymond, a thirty-six-year-old motor driver, of Bell Avenue, West Drayton, was, at Brentford, sent to jail for twelve months for defrauding two women he had met through matrimonial advertisements.

THIS LOVE-MAKING SWINDLER HAD BECOME ENGAGED TO BOTH THE WOMEN AND, PROMISING MARRIAGE, HAD OBTAINED LOANS FROM THEM.

Another scoundrel named Hugh Charles Morrison, an architect, bigamously married a widow he met through a matrimonial agency.

He wheedled £300 out of her, and left her the day after they were married, leaving a letter to say he had fallen in love with her daughter and must go away to get over the shock!

Fifteen months hard labour was the sentence given him at Lewes Assizes a short time ago.

And lying on my desk is a poignant letter from a young woman that lays bare the anguish that can be caused by this marriage ramp.

She is thirty and unmarried, with a five-year-old son.

Longing for a home, she saw one of the "love-for-the-asking" advertisements these matrimonial agents flourish so lavishly. When she went to the address given she explained her position quite frankly.

Mr. Justice Humphreys described Hugh Morrison's letter to the widow he duped as the "most impudent he had ever read"

After paying a guinea which she had to draw from her very slender Post Office Savings account, she was assured that the names and addresses of likely suitors would be sent to her.

* * *

Not a single name has reached her, and when she wrote to complain she was merely told that she was "on the books" and names would be sent to her when they came along.

This poor woman, like so many thousands of others, imagined with pathetic faith that the payment of a guinea—a considerable sum in her life—would solve her problem.

My records are cluttered with instances of this mean fee-snatching.

Women are the chief sufferers, but many men are hoodwinked, too.

One man, aged about forty-five, who had returned here after being abroad for a long time, paid his fee and the only response he received was from a girl aged sixteen!

She had never heard of the club named and could not understand how he had obtained her name.

Then, at random, I pick out the case of the young widow of an Army officer.

Distracted by loneliness she was foolish enough to pay £10 10s. to an agency that promised to put her in touch with officers who were looking for a suitable wife.

The only one from whom she received a reply told her contritely that he had sent in his name as a practical joke.

Whatever you may think of her credulity, this woman decided on the step she took in all good faith. She was young and felt she could make a good wife.

SHE HAD TO MAKE SACRIFICES TO PAY THE £10 10s. FEE AND ALL SHE RECEIVED WAS CRUEL DISILLUSIONMENT.

* * *

Of course, the fee-grabbers know that it is highly unlikely that those who have been deluded will sue them in the courts because of the publicity involved.

So the racket is wide open without any kind of control to anyone who pays a 5s. Business Names registration fee.

I think it is sordid, in any case, and ought not to be allowed, but if it is to be recognised as a business it should be subject to the closest inspection by the officials of local authorities.

The promoters, too, should be compelled to investigate the bona fides of every one of their clients.

WRITE *HIM* OFF

A COMFORTABLE living by writing is simple, according to Mr. Victor Hilton, of Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London.

He's generous, too, in advertising for collaborators on a 50-50 basis.

"I send you the framework of an article with hints for writing up," he announces. "The article then goes out, either to one of my national markets or through syndication to the press of the world. I am receiving as much as a guinea for 100 words."

* * *

But wait! There's a little proviso at the end! "Your liability is the small sum of 7s. 6d. towards cost of research, typing, etc."

Well, Mr. Hilton has a small and dingy little office which does not fit in with a national market or a world-wide syndication.

Some time ago he had another grand proposition. He wanted to advertise in a London evening paper that he would help mannequins and models to distribute their photographs to one hundred firms.

* * *

For this service his charge was to be £1 10s. 6d.

When the advertisement manager of the evening paper requested names of the firms to whom photographs were to be sent Hilton faded out.

Earlier still he sought pupils, each at £50 premium, in connection with a film magazine he intended to start.

I think aspiring writers can well leave this literary gentleman to his own devices.

WEEKLY WARNINGS

End these Children's Death-Traps!

TWO children drowned and three others rescued just in time.

In one month that is the sinister record of flooded gravel pits in Pickett Lock Lane, Edmonton, Middlesex.

All over the country there are far too many of these death-traps and too little responsibility for providing adequate safeguards.

Industrial areas are honeycombed with holes left in the trail of old workings. Many become overgrown with weeds and brambles and are particularly perilous when children go out blackberrying.

Always when lives are lost there is a fresh outcry, but it soon dies down and very little is done.

The Edmonton ponds are on ground used by the London and North Eastern Railway for tipping rubbish and are easily accessible to children.

Great atractions for them are the sticklebacks that abound in the waters and old sleepers which they use as rafts.

Eleven-year-old Alfred Arthur Morley, the last boy drowned, fell from one of these sleeper rafts.

His brother who was with him dived to the rescue, but could not save him.

Eventually when help came a young man named John Martin succeeded in getting the lad out after diving several times to reach him.

By then he was dead.

Derrick George Raven, the other boy who lost his life, was only eight.

He fell in from the bank when returning with other boys from a fishing expedition.

A thirteen-year-old boy, though he could not swim, waded in waist deep to try to save his small companion. He managed to grab his hand, but could not hold on.

To rescue the three children who were saved, Police-Sergt. Charles Evans and Kenneth Richolds, a sixteen-year-old boy who volunteered to go with him, had to swim 300 yards.

First they had to be lowered by rope down a steep bank.

The three boys had paddled rafts made from sleepers into the centre of the pit, where they became entangled in weeds.

Undergrowth of weeds and refuse hampered the rescuers, who found the boys exhausted when they reached them.

Sergt. Evans pushed one raft in front of him and towed the other with a rope. The youth who had so pluckily gone with him, swam behind the second raft and pushed it along. He collapsed when he was pulled on to the bank.

Naturally, parents in the neighbourhood are alarmed, and though they do everything they can to keep their children away from the pits, it is obvious that much greater protection is needed.

The sensible remedy, of course, is to have all these old waterlogged holes filled in.

Local councils should have the power to compel this to be done.

As it is, there is generally the greatest confusion as to who is responsible, with the result that these death-traps are allowed to abound throughout the country, piling up tragedies which could so easily be avoided.

Kenneth Richolds

Police-Sergeant Charles Evans

Public Benefactor

For astuteness in obtaining information likely to reveal a big bluff, Mr. C. H. Smith, of 89, Wand Street, Belgrave, Leicester, secures the £1 1s. this week.

All readers can help by telling me at once of anything suspicious.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Dummy Jailed, Boss at Large

CONVICTION at Lewes Assizes of John Dale, an Australian confidence trickster, leaves unsolved the mystery of James Moffatt, leader of the gang to which Dale belonged.

He vanished some time ago when he was on bail awaiting trial on a false pretences charge.

Dale, in fact, was just one of his dummies whom he brought over here from Australia when he began to make money by the crafty financial frauds he engineered.

By the time the police had sufficient evidence to confront him, Moffatt had secured more than £100,000 by share-pushing.

An ex-jockey, he arrived here from Australia with scarcely a penny in his pocket.

In no time he was established in opulent offices in the West End of London and peers and other titled men were induced to lend their names to his get-rich-quick schemes.

By acquiring the trading name of an old and respected commercial bank which was lying dormant he spread his net not only throughout this country but abroad. Investors misled by the name and past reputation of the bank fell into the trap and money poured in.

One of Moffatt's side deals was a huge swindle over seats on the route of the Coronation procession.

It is a scandal that he was allowed to get away. With his reputation he should not have been given bail.

The police went to considerable trouble and expense to bring back an Indian doctor so that he could give evidence against John Dale.

Can't the same energy and enterprise be used to find his boss, Moffatt, and put him in the dock to answer for the impudent swindles he perpetrated?

I Like Letters Like This!

"I have much pleasure in enclosing a letter from ——. As you predicted, the summons has been withdrawn.

"I assure you I am most grateful for the valuable assistance you have given me and would say thank goodness we have JOHN BULL."

The woman who wrote this letter kindly sent me a generous contribution to "The Greatest of These" Fund.

Trippers in Chains

I'M no spoil-sport, but the behaviour of many week-end trippers from Folkestone to Boulogne is exceeding all reasonable limits.

Serious complaints are being made on each side of the Channel, and the authorities in both places should stir themselves.

At Folkestone it should be a simple matter to stop men going on board drunk, as many are doing.

Recently, one passenger staggered down the gangway on the French side and collapsed on the quay. He lay there for six hours, a rather disgusting spectacle, until someone roused him and helped him back on board.

In Boulogne the police should take steps to prevent trippers falling into the hands of touts who lure them to notorious cafés where they are made drunk so that they can be robbed.

Numbers who fall prey to these harpies are brought back to the ship on stretchers or porters' barrows.

Considerable fighting takes place in the streets and frequent arrests are made. Some visitors spend the night in the local prison and in the morning they are sometimes brought across the bridge to the police court in chains.

It is all thoroughly disgraceful, and some action is urgently needed.

Watch 'Em

STILL they come—these accommodating persons who can produce capital for businesses.

Arthur Leader, of Albert Road, Middlesbrough, advertises that he has clients with money to invest, but one London tradesman who took him at his word was confronted with the familiar proposition: Turn your business into a limited company.

Of course, Mr. Leader was ready to attend to all details and wanted only part of the fee *in advance*!

"Gone Away"

Householders on South Coast are being singled out for the "economy-plates-to-save-gas" spoof.

Men, professing to represent a Thornaby-on-Tees firm, collect 6s. in advance.

A Brighton woman, after waiting patiently for the plate, wrote to the address given on the receipt, and her letter came back marked "Gone away."

Cigarette Bait

New cigarette snowball scheme has been launched by Smoker's Service, of Forest Road, Walthamstow, London.

One hundred cigarettes for 5d. is the bait with the usual "send four coupons to four friends," and so on.

You'll be wiser to puff the cigarette you buy in the ordinary way.

Circling the World

A new chain letter ramp has come over from Australia.

The South Norwood reader who has sent me the copy he received was asked to pass it on to five friends to whom he wished prosperity.

"Mrs. Henfeel," runs on the nonsense, "received £5,000 after mailing, and Mrs. Ambrose £5,000. Mrs. Massey, who broke the chain, lost all she had."

Anyone who receives any such letter should just throw it away.

He was Disappointed

Wonderful plants marvellously cheap is a favourite doorstep snare just now.

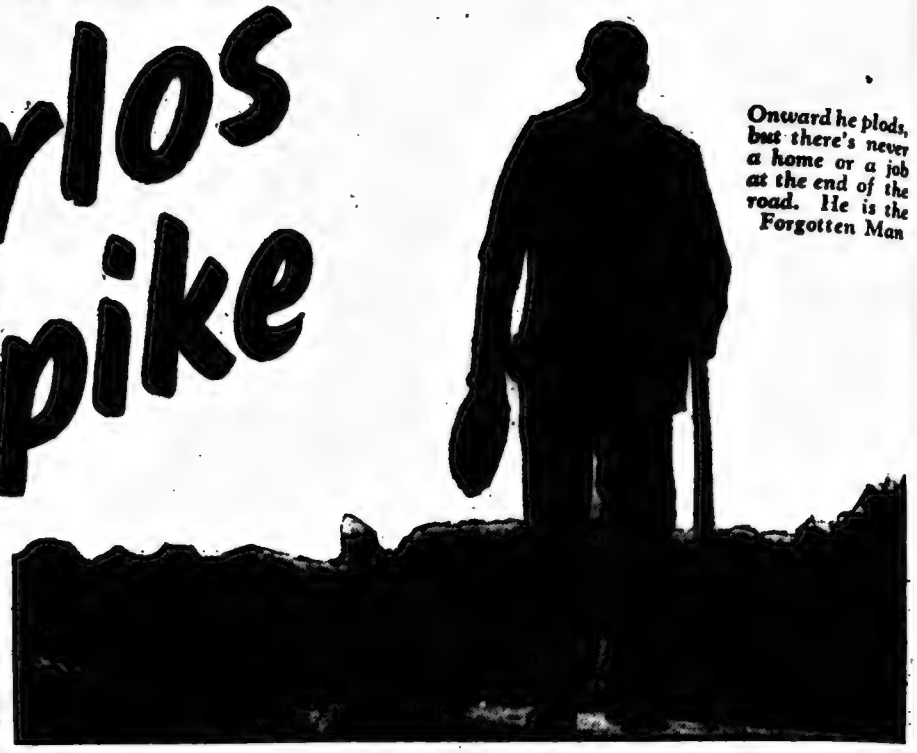
Be warned in time and buy at a shop or market stall that you know.

If not, you'll probably end up like a Coventry reader who bought what were described as a new Dutch Ranunculus. They turned out to be common lupins—all white!

WILLIAM GAPE, the Tramps' K.C.,

continues his revelations about the submerged half-million, tells of the———

'Monte Carlos of the Spike



Onward he plods, but there's never a home or a job at the end of the road. He is the Forgotten Man

THERE is only one escape from the tyranny of the casual wards which I have been describing in JOHN BULL for the past two weeks.

It is to sink still lower—to find shelter not in "the Spike," as we call the casual ward, but in common lodging-houses or ordinary workhouses.

Apart from those institutions conducted by various charitable and religious organisations, most of the common lodging-houses of Britain are squalid dens of infamy.

Entering one, a man on the tramp for work must lose the few vestiges of manhood and self-respect left to him by the casual ward system.

If, instead, he becomes for a time an inmate of a Poor Law institution—the workhouse—life will still be a hell for him. Here he will have to suffer not from bullying officials but from snobby, fraudulent paupers.

Incognito

Yes—"snobby." Let the truth be told:

A great part of the workhouse population to-day is made up of people who are living under assumed names and who have incomes which are concealed from the authorities.

The Poor Law institutions of Britain are being abused to an extent which would shock the taxpayers if they knew. There is no place in them for a man without money, who is destitute because he is unemployed and homeless—because he has gone out in search of work.

The regular inmates use the money they secretly possess almost entirely for gambling. Every workhouse nowadays has a part, known among us as its "Monte Carlo," where all day long games of chance are in progress.

Every workhouse has its croupiers and resident bookmaker—or, at least, inmates who are paid to act as agents and collectors for outside bookmakers and pools.

The man from the casual ward, forbidden by law to have more than fourpence, is frozen out if he goes to the workhouse.

The regular inmates ostracise him because he cannot pay his footing in gambling schools.

We're Gamblers

Now, most of us on the road are, in a sense, gamblers. Any evening, outside any casual ward, you can see the men who are about to enter it have a quick flutter.

But not for money. They are casting lots for one of them to have the others' suppers.

Hungry though they are after a day's tramping, they will be given only a few ounces of bad bread, canned meat and cheese.

It doesn't fill. In fact, it increases the pangs of hunger. It is better for some to go without, so that one may have the lot.

Most pitiable of all the gamblers among us, however, are the thousands of ex-soldiers and sailors who have been smashed in war and cannot get work because of their disabilities.

They are men with small pensions, perhaps 7s. or 8s. a week—useless for ordinary living purposes.

The money would be confiscated if they took it into the casual ward. They have too much decency left to spend it on drink. So they use it in attempts to make their pipe-dreams come true.

All of them have those dreams, and they are always the same.

Their ambition is to acquire £20 or £30 to pay a deposit on a small business, the hire-purchase of a taxi-cab, or some similar venture that will rescue them from the road and give them a home and livelihood again.

Once a week they plunge all their pension money in the hope that their dreams may come true.

Short-priced "certainties" and favourites are, of course, of no use to them. They must have long shots to get what they need with their small stakes—trebles, four-timers, accumulators, crazy bets on impossible horses.

Crippled Heroes

How melancholy it is to listen at night in the casual ward when these crippled heroes speak sadly of the fortunes they might have won, if only. . . .

Don't blame them too much. Rather blame the State which has left them stranded without occupation and with only useless pittances as compensation.

Soon the Lord Chief Justice of England will have to subdue a storm in an empty tea-mug. As advocate for the half-million homeless poor vainly roving the country for work, I shall appear before Lord Hewart and his colleagues in the Divisional Court and demand the right to be supplied in the casual wards with one mugful of tea for dinner.

Learned counsel will be briefed at the taxpayers' expense to contest my humble plea.

Yes, to such a pass have things come in the oppression of workless wayfarers that we must invoke the highest courts of the land to get even a farthing's worth of liquid refreshment daily.

Disappointed

The affair began in this way:

Three months ago hope ran high among us men of the Spike that the evils I have been describing in this series would soon be ended.

We had read that the Government contemplated action for the betterment of our lot

The mountain delivered a mouse. Parliament's social conscience seemed satisfied when the Minister of Health announced that a ration of hot tea would henceforth be added to what is called the "statutory diet" of the casual ward.

Still, it was something. Indeed, it meant a lot to the men who, as the price of shelter in a cell, have to trudge twenty or thirty miles a day and do eight hours' hard task-work on a basic diet of bread—such poor quality bread that it has to be gulped down unchewed as filling for the stomach.

It is difficult to show how bad that bread usually is. You may understand if I say that it is as different from ordinary bread as ordinary bread is from the richest cake.

Now, with tea to wash it down, it might taste better. . . .

But we aren't getting the tea. The authorities in control of many casual wards—presumably in the belief that our labour is not worth the extra farthing—have found legal quirks to withhold the ration.

So, when I was refused a mug of tea at a casual ward in the Portsmouth district the other week, I took immediate action by test case on behalf of my fellow hoboes.

In law, any tramp can go before the magistrates and lay a complaint. The justices then have the right to enter the casual ward, to investigate it, and, if they think proper, to bring the master before the court.

It is a privilege shunned by the men on the road. They fear reprisals. As their champion, however, I have no qualms.

My representations to the Portsmouth Bench produced an enquiry from the public assistance authorities, and the restoration of tea to the diet.

Fight for Tea

Now, I learn, the issue of tea has stopped again.

So back I'm going to Portsmouth. This time I shall apply for a summons against the responsible authority.

If my application is refused, I shall appeal by special case on behalf of all workless wanderers to the Lord Chief Justice and the Divisional Court.

Isn't it terrible that decent men who have been forced on to the highway to hunt for work should have to go to such lengths to get even a daily mug of tea already sanctioned by the Government as wages for their compulsory toil in the casual wards?

We are never allowed to forget that, because we have gone out to scour the country for work, we have made ourselves the pariahs of society.

We are reminded every day of the barbaric laws which govern the casual ward system and which seem designed especially to harry the hosts of men driven from home by unemployment and the harshness of the Means Test inquisition.

That is what I have been trying to ram home to the authorities for years—and what I am reiterating, without apologies, throughout this series: the tramps of to-day are not Weary Willies, but the enterprising workless who have had enough initiative to leave home in search of work.

And that is why I have just formed the National League for the Abolition of Vagrancy.

The submerged half-million are going to find their voice at last.

NEXT WEEK: BIGGEST CHARITY FRAUD OF THE CENTURY.

Nothing could be done...

FOR hours the rain had been beating on steaming pavements. Rivulets had run in the gutters and deep pools had collected over the choked-up grids.

Throughout the afternoon the freak storm had lasted. At first the flood water ran off the paving stones in the front garden, but now there was no outlet. . . .

A tiny trickle came under the front door. Then a steady stream. Carpets were soaked. The base of the armchairs and the settee in the front room were sodden.

Nothing could be done. No matter how she tried, the housewife could not clear the grids. Almost in tears, she waited for the flood to subside. When it did—about nine o'clock that night—there was a mud deposit all over the floor of the front room.

But as she surveyed the damage, wondering how it was to be made good, she remembered something. Some time before she had cut out a coupon from her copy of JOHN BULL. She had signed it and posted it to us.

That coupon entitled her to the benefits of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme. And we came to the rescue with a cheque to cover the damage to the contents of the flooded room.

What if floods had invaded YOUR house or storms had damaged its contents? Would YOU have been protected? If you have not already qualified, turn right away to page 31 and complete the coupon. And do it NOW.

We have been asked to say that the Mutual Health Insurance Society, Ltd., is in no way connected with the Mutual Property Life and General Insurance Co., Ltd., which has been conducting sickness and accident insurance since 1899.

Open Letters

High-Life Rowdies — Wages less than "Dole"—How Much is a Bad Wife Worth?—Swindling Solicitors

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Metropolitan Police Commissioner

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—Either your Force has been gravely libelled, or it includes an officer who would be better employed as a valet to some puerile snob.

You must have read how, after the Eton-Harrow match, top hats were torn to shreds, umbrellas broken, trousers ripped off, and ties torn by elderly ninnies.

Then, to complete this display of public school manners, the boys joined in. An old woman was knocked down; a girl's dress torn.

A policeman, asked for assistance, is reported to have said: "I'm not a spoilsport. I won't interfere; I leave that kind of thing to the special constables."

Please make enquiries about that policeman.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
London Stipendiary

DEAR MR. MULLINS,—I can tell a worse story than that which made you "boil with rage."

A Devon man was bound over for a grave offence and four of his children taken from him. He has 24 children, lives in a two-bedroomed cottage, gets 33s. a week as a labourer, and has a son earning 14s.

These appalling conditions give point to your plea that birth control should be taught to people who are "overpowered" by the number of their children.

But there should also be family allowances for decent parents who are too poor and too conscientious to have the children they want and which the State needs.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Of all the disgraces you tolerate, none is more bitter than the plight of Lancashire cotton workers.

Men and women are working half the normal number of looms on a piecetime basis—which means they work 48 hours for as little as 15s. or 20s. Less than they would get on the "dole."

I do not, as you may have gathered, regard you as a good Minister of Labour. I shall brand you as the worst we have ever had if you allow this enforced semi-starvation to continue.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. M. MATHESON,
Secretary, National Trust

DEAR SIR,—With the friendliest feelings, I hope you will be bombed again next week.

May the bomb come from Ferguson's Gang; may it be even bigger than the recent one which contained £100, and thus brought the Gang's gifts to a total of £2,100.

The anonymous benefactors certainly have a rather childish sense of humour, but because it enables them to preserve beauty spots for the public's pleasure I salute them as the finest conspirators in Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES F. G. PRICE,
Commissioner for Special Areas

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Mind your job doesn't vanish. The Cabinet is toying with the idea of scrapping the Special Areas scheme because some of the areas are enjoying a temporary prosperity.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—You are like a man who, peering anxiously at a cloud on the horizon, trips over a banana skin.

You are certainly wise to make plans for the control of coal prices in time of war. But why not do it now?

For years it has been well known that the public is being forced to pay artificial prices which benefit not the miner or coal-owner, but a horde of parasitic middlemen.

For the last six months an official committee has been investigating the evil. In another six months, I dare say it will reach the same conclusions reported by many previous committees.

The facts are plain: Household prices are often nearly three times as much as the pithead price. Profiteering is rampant. Waste and uneconomic handling are widespread.

As an ex-Chief Inspector of Mines once said, "If you followed the progress of a ton of Derby Brights from the pit to your house, you would arrive a battered wreck."

If this folly is to be stopped in wartime, why not now?—JOHN BULL.

If this is done, towns will become derelict again as soon as the flow of arms orders narrows to a trickle.

Even as a newcomer in your office, you must know that the only remedy is a long-term policy of reconstruction. Impress that upon the sanguine ostriches of Westminster.—JOHN BULL.

EARL OF DUDLEY,
Carlton Club

MY LORD,—I am glad you show promise in your study of the dull science of economics. You are obviously right in your discovery that production could be increased if demand were increased, and that "it is useless to produce goods if they cannot be sold."

Having reached this stage in your learning, please go on—no matter how unpleasant the conclusion may be.

There is already ample demand for more goods, but there is not the money to back it up. So increase wages, take the million off the Poor Law, set the unemployed to work, and there'll be more money with which to buy necessary goods.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD MAUGHAM,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—How much is a wife worth? I don't know—because I refuse to agree that her value can be assessed in the same terms as a pound of jam or a ton of steel.

But so long as an old law allows damages in divorce cases, for sanity's sake let us make it consistent.

In a single day, one comfortably placed husband is given £1,000, another is awarded £2,500, a third—an unemployed man with five children—receives only a farthing.

Juries' notions about a wife's value vary so greatly that it would be fairer to let the judge decide.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. L. NORDON,
Legal Reformer

DEAR SIR,—Soon, I expect, we can celebrate a victory to end a scandal that has cost trusting folk £125,000 a year.

I have long criticised the idiotically lax regulations that enable rascally solicitors to swindle their clients; you have long fought for reform.

Now the Law Society is considering measures which include the regular examination of solicitors' accounts by qualified accountants.

We may marvel that so elementary a safeguard has been ignored for years, but we can at least believe that everything comes to those who wait and keep their voices strong.—JOHN BULL.

Col. H. C. R. HOMFRAY,
Cowbridge Police Court

YOUR WORSHIP,—It's poor justice that frowns on a man just because he isn't dressed in his Sunday best.

You say you'd have fined a man less for a motor-cycling offence if he hadn't attended court in his working clothes.

And then, of course, he would have lost half a day's pay by having to rush home to change!—JOHN BULL.

SIDNEY SMITH,
Raynes Park, London, S.W.

SIR,—I am sorry you must pay £51 in fines and costs—sorry because I think the amount should have been far heavier.

It matters nothing that the bribes you offered to a Government official were small; what concerns the public is that bribery to obtain commercial information is becoming a menace and must be checked.

And, though it's a poor business man who wants secret information before he is willing to tender for work, it's still worse that public employees should be subjected to temptation for this purpose.—JOHN BULL.

THE CITY COUNCIL,
Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—No doubt your intentions are lofty. But residents of your vast housing estate at Wythenshawe are looking down their noses at your plan to turn Peel Hall Farm, with its moated manor house, into a golf course.

You see, most of them are factory workers. And they don't play golf. They would prefer a community centre where they could end their loneliness and find a new interest in daily life.

Why not make the Farm their centre and give healthy pleasure to the many instead of preserving it for a few?—JOHN BULL.

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

ADMIRAL POUND, the new First Sea Lord, has taken charge at a time when the Navy is in every day's headlines. Fleet exercises this year will be bigger than ever before; 12,000 Naval Reservists will take part; on August 9 the King will review 130 ships of the Reserve Fleet. On this page Hannen Swaffer tells you about "the man at the top."

Admiral Sir Dudley Pound preaches the doctrine of initiative and offence

The Navy's STRONG MAN

I LOOK out, as I write, on Trafalgar Square, half of which is boarded off so that they can place there fountains in memory of Jellicoe and Beatty, bitter contestants for the title of the man who won, or lost, the Battle of Jutland.

No one seems to have decided, even yet, whether it was lost or won. Still, memorials to the two sailors who fought it will soon be seen near the Nelson Column.

Early in the 19th century Nelson, by crippling Napoleon's sea-power, was thought to have established our naval supremacy for ever. A century later it was challenged by the Germans in "the War to end War."

To-day the Nelson Column has on it a big poster, "England Expects!" But now it has a different meaning—that millions of people are needed for National Service.

And there has gone to the Admiralty, in the middle of it all, a new First Sea Lord—Admiral Sir Dudley Pound.

He must be already wondering whether his tenure of office will be soon forgotten, as it will be if there is no war, or whether, in due course, because he is First Sea Lord at a time of conflict, his monument will be put up beside Nelson's and the rest.

WELL, it was when he was merely Vice-Admiral A. D. P. R. Pound—the initials fortunately became unnecessary when he was made "Sir Dudley"—that he was put up by the British Government, at the Disarmament Conference in 1932, to make one of the recommendations which wrecked Disarmament and brought about the present Arms Race, now ruining the world.

When the Naval Committee was considering the article which prohibited any belligerent State from confiscating and using warships being built in its territory for foreign countries, Vice-Admiral Pound, speaking for the British delegation, astonished the Powers by urging that it should be abandoned, this although the restriction was in the Washington Naval Treaty.

The spectacle of a British Admiral trying not to strengthen but to whittle down the Washington Treaty brought strong protests from the United States and from Japan, France and Italy.

Although, when the whole Committee ranged itself solemnly against him, the Admiral withdrew Whitehall's unhappy suggestion, it made a terribly bad impression, especially on the Americans.

The work of a Conference which, it was once hoped, would save the world, became more disappointing and disheartening than ever before.

IT was in the midst of the old game—passing difficulties to and fro in a sort of diplomatic ping-pong. That was when the Conference failed.

"Admiral's Bad Blunder," said the headlines.

Actually, of course, it was the fault of the National Government. Our treatment of Germany at that Conference made the German delegates go home in disgust, humiliated—with the result that, a few months later, Hitler was returned to power.

Still, Sir Dudley has expressed views of his own, on occasion.

Tory back-benchers were complacent in 1933 when Admiral Pound said of capital ships:

"There is going to be a hell of a fight in the next two or three years, whether we build them or whether we don't."

They were not so pleased when Sir Dudley, having become Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, heard that the Spanish rebels were refusing to allow British cargo ships to enter Bilbao and said, "Leave it to me."

That sounded like the Royal Navy speaking about something it understood. For, at that time, Franco and his German and Italian allies were treating our British mercantile marine with contempt.

SOON they were bombarding our ships from the air. Our boasted "Freedom of the seas" became a joke.

The Paris "Oeuvre" stated at the time that Admiral Pound was overruled by the Cabinet.

Whether he was or not, we do know that, for the first time in British history, our merchantmen were fired on without replying.

And all the time Admiral Pound, in charge of the Mediterranean Fleet, had to sit back and do nothing

He had earlier established a good close relationship with the French naval authorities during the Nyon anti-piracy plan—one of the few firm stands taken by the British Government during the Spanish Civil War.

But, when the anti-piracy plan resulted in nothing except meetings and consultations, he had to endure the affront, fighting sailor though he was, of looking out from his flagship upon a Mediterranean where, for the first time in history, British warships were impotent and ignored.

Because of the international situation, because of Mussolini and the big guns that now for the first time point on Gibraltar, Sir Dudley's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean was extended last December until May of next year.

But, when Sir Roger Backhouse had to give up his post of First Sea Lord because of illness, Sir Dudley was brought home to fill the chief position in the British Navy.

Sixty-one years old, he comes of American stock. Tallish and grey-haired, he has bushy eyebrows and piercing eyes. His face, after forty-six years at sea, is weather-beaten and rugged.

They regard him in the Navy as a "strong man."

He belongs to the so-called modern school of naval strategy, and preaches the doctrines of initiative and offence as opposed to the more or less passive policy which marked British naval strategy until after the first two years of the Great War.

He is a torpedo specialist and a "big ship" man. He has spent most of his sea service in capital ships.

In the Battle of Jutland he commanded the battleship *Colossus*, Rear-Admiral Gaunt's flagship, which, coming under heavy fire from the German battle cruisers, was the only one of the Grand Fleet battleships to be hit by gun-fire during the action.

ONLY the fact that her speed had been reduced to correct her distance from the next ship ahead saved her from severe damage.

The battle-cruiser *Derfflinger* planted four salvoes close to the ship and two direct 12-in. shell hits were made. Other shells, bursting short, also caused damage and casualties.

Captain Pound, as he then was, and others on the bridge had very narrow escapes. But only a range-taker, whose arm was severed, was hit.

Other ships reported that the *Colossus* passed through a cloud of fire, spray and smoke; they thought she was finished.

The *Colossus* and her consorts, however, returned more punishment than they received. From five salvoes, four direct hits were made. Two shells burst inside the *Derfflinger's* turrets, creating havoc and wiping out the crews.

Four German destroyers also attacked and, in spite of a heavy fire from our ships, discharged their torpedoes. Five "tin fish" were sighted by the *Colossus*, but Pound evaded them.

FOR his services he was commended in despatches.

Yes, and Sir Dudley has been in danger in peace-time, too, because of his own initiative.

When commander of the battleship *Superb*, he braved the peril of gas made by rotting potatoes in the hold!

Told that three sailors had been asphyxiated, he was lowered into the hold. He fastened ropes round the unconscious men, before having to be hauled up himself.

Unfortunately, his bravery proved useless, for the three men died.

Then, in 1932, he proved that a sailor's life is not always a happy one, even on shore. When going to a dentist to have three teeth extracted, he swallowed a loose tooth, which entered one of his lungs.

Although they operated, the tooth is still there!

Now, that might have killed him. The perils of the Battle of Jutland left him unscathed. And then he went to a dentist. . . . !

"In for a penny, in for a Pound."

Gaming Machine Racket: New Police Drive

American gangsters popularised the pin-tables, robbed the public of millions. When the law stepped in machines were shipped to Britain. Now £1,000,000 a week is frittered away here, and scores of youngsters are tempted into crime

The pin-table fan may think he's getting a fair deal. But each table must earn £15 and profits in a few weeks

AT long last, Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, is to do something about the Gambling Machine menace which has gripped this country like an octopus for the past five years.

Alarmed at the wave of juvenile crime which has followed the rise in popularity of this particular racket, and at the millions of pounds which are being poured into the pockets of the Pin-Table Kings, he has decided to summon every police chief in the country to a special conference.

The conference will consider ways and means of inaugurating a concerted nation-wide drive to stamp out the evil for all time.

Once again "John Bull's" investigations and warnings have been followed up by the Home Office. For it is a long time since we first drew attention to the fast-growing danger of the "pin-money" racket.

Since then various civic, social and legal bodies have also held independent investigations. The accumulated findings are such that there can no longer be the slightest excuse for holding up reform.

NEARLY twelve months have passed since the Committee of the Magistrates Association started enquiries into the degree to which the extraordinary rise in juvenile crime could be directly attributed to the lure of the pin-tables.

Their members were running up against so many cases in which mere children were stealing money to gamble on the penny machines that they decided to see what they could do about it.

Their action was inspired by the complaints of justices, following the reports of probation officers.

On May 11 a boy of fifteen was tried at Bridlington for stealing £1 from a café proprietor with which to play on the machines in the café.

The boy had lost all his own money and with it a further 10s. that the proprietor had lent him to gamble with. He stole the money to try to retrieve his losses. And quickly lost that, too.

The Bridlington magistrates had no sympathy with the man. In open court they blamed him for the boy's lapse. They made him promise that he would never again permit youths to gamble on his machines.

The disclosures were so unsavoury that Bridlington folk were very angry about the whole matter. That is why it is so hard to find a pin-table machine in the district now.

Commenting on the case, Councillor Thomas Jennison said that the police often had to supply money for youths and adults to get home after they had lost every penny.

He pointed out that one pin-table saloon operator was paying a rent of £2,000 for his stand. While another cheerfully agreed to having his rent raised from £389 to £1,000. The profits were well worth it!

The grave danger of these machines lies in the fact that they are designed to snatch pennies — not pounds. Not directly, that is!

The unwary person goes to risk his pennies. And stays to lose his pounds just the same!

The unfortunate part of it is that any child of nine or ten who happens to have a few pence is allowed to drop them through the slot from which they do not return. Nobody in the business cares.

Probation officers, who have kept saloons under observation, say in their reports that they have seen youngsters under ten working the machines with experience that showed long practice.

The trouble is that such young children lack any sense of poise or values. When their money has run out, they are tempted to get more in any way they can.

But it is not only children who fall for the racket.

The machines are so skilfully made that it seems to be the easiest thing in the world to win on them. That is, until you have lost several pounds finding out otherwise.

Of course, the usual prize is a packet of five cigarettes. Or "three free tries," which means that the proprietor hands out threepence.

One of the worst features of the whole business, however, is the fact that in the poorer quarters saloon operators offer housewives a coupon for anything up to eighteenpence worth of groceries.

And women whose budgets allow them only sixpence or a shilling spending money fall harder than most. To them, eighteenpence worth of free groceries is a real godsend.

Not that many of them ever get it. Most usually finish up by spending the hard-earned cash that should have gone on food in the first place. Then they have to borrow, wherever they can, to feed their families for the rest of the week.

THE position became so bad in Lambeth a little while ago that Mr. O. L. Roberts, clerk to the Council, urged Sir Philip Game, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, to do what he could to suppress the nuisance.

And more than 100 traders signed a petition to the Lambeth Borough Council.

When you talk of gambling for pennies, the matter sounds as if it is not worth bothering about. But you have to realise that more than 240,000,000 pennies go into the machines *every week*.

BEAR IN MIND THAT £52,000,000, OR 12,480,000,000 PENNIES EVERY YEAR (THE FIGURE OF £1,000,000 PER WEEK IS THE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED ESTIMATE OF LADY ASTOR) IS GAMBLED AWAY AND YOU SEE THE PERIL OF THIS NATIONAL RACKET.

As a matter of fact, in the beginning, the machines actually were gangster-owned and gangster-operated.

WHEN liquor was legalised in America, the big-time gangsters looked around for a nice profitable racket. They decided on pin-tables.

Not until they had robbed the unsuspecting American public of millions and millions of dollars did Uncle Sam wake up and decide to confiscate the machines and smash them up.

That didn't suit organised crime at all. So the gangsters began shipping them to other parts of the world. And we happened to be one of the other parts!

America still supplies 98 per cent. of the machines used in this country. They are imported as "sports games," and pay a duty of 25 per cent.

It is impossible to estimate how many hundreds of thousands, or millions, of these machines have been imported into England during the past five years.

According to the Christian Social Council Committee on Gambling there are between 200,000 and 300,000 in the country now.

Considering that the machines have to be scrapped after a very short life—some of them last only six weeks—the number of imports certainly must run into the millions.

Of course, the pin-table operators claim that the games are games of "skill." And that they make very little money out of them.

The answer to that is that Mr. Henry Rymer—who after all, ought to know, because he's the secretary of the Amusement Caterers Association, which is interested in having pin-tables legalised—states that each machine "Must be replaced by something newer and more popular *in six weeks* because the players tire of it."

Considering that the machines cost from £15 upwards, they must earn a very pretty penny if the owner can afford to toss them on the junk-heap after only six weeks.

The average saloon has something like 30 machines. That means that £450 worth of them are discarded every six weeks! In that time they've paid for their cost, they've paid the rent, wages, lighting and running expenses and have yielded such a fat profit that the proprietor doesn't mind buying another £450 worth of new machines!

If you'd like a headache, just figure out how much it costs the saloon operators to replace 200,000 to 300,000 machines every month or so!

And they say there's no profit in it!

No wonder that one place in the West End can, as Mr. John Gulland, hon. secretary of the National Anti-Gambling League says, "pay a rent of £300 a week just to let people drop pennies through the slots."

As for being games of skill. . . .

Suppose your business was such that you had to throw £450 out of the window every six weeks. Could you afford to have even one machine on which the public could take out more than it put in?

OF course, you couldn't!

The first thing every operator wants to know about a new machine is "What is the percentage take?"

IF IT'S TOO MUCH AGAINST HIM HE DOESN'T BUY. HE CAN'T AFFORD TO!

And woe betide the manufacturer who sells him one that allows the public too big a cut on "the take." That manufacturer doesn't sell a second machine in that particular saloon.

All five balls in the machine must be of slightly differing weights so that you've got no chance of learning the correct impulse required to score with each one.

The pins must be skilfully bent over to throw the balls away from the winning numbers.

For the operator just cannot afford to possess a machine which gives the public anything like a real chance to beat it. He insists on a machine that will earn £15 *and* a profit in six weeks.

JOHN BULL congratulates Sir Samuel Hoare on his decision to rub this racket out of existence as soon as possible.

Let us hope that it will be done very soon.

A Famous Doctor HITS OUT

● "The Doctors' Parliament"—Annual representative meeting of the British Medical Association—began last week-end.

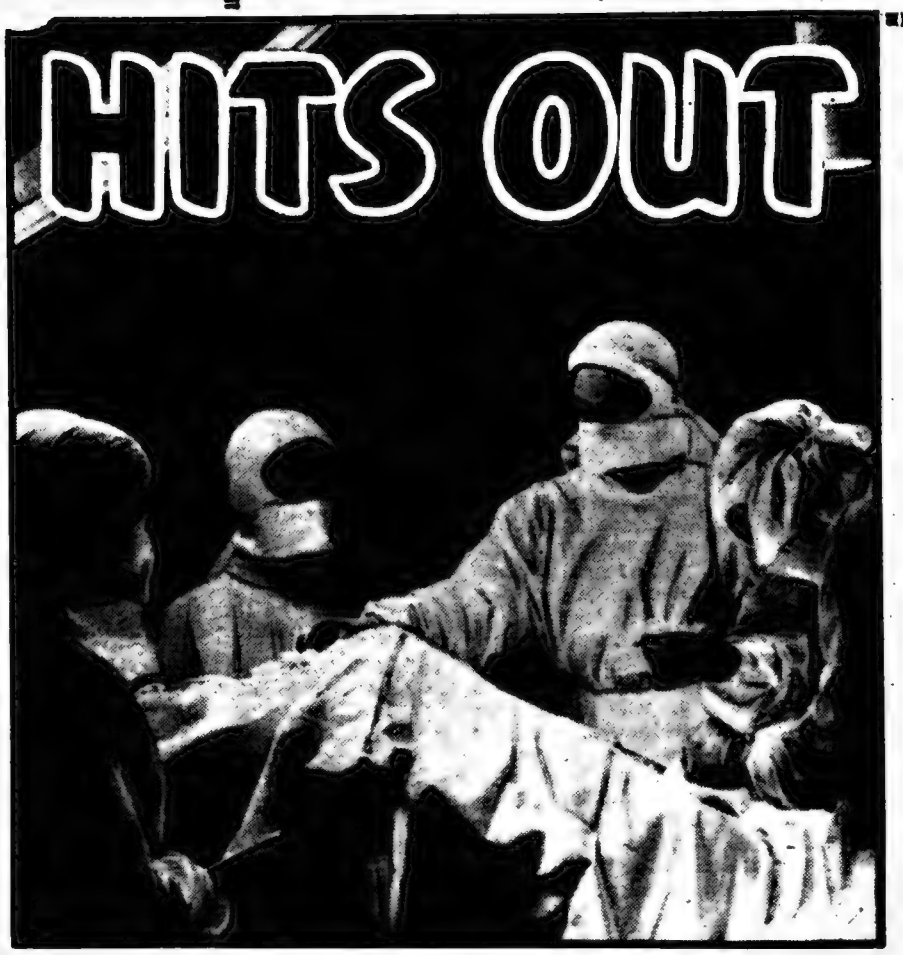
And there was evidence of revolt against the B.M.A. . . . bitter revolt against the chaotic handling of national health Services.

On this page a famous doctor explains why hundreds of his colleagues demand a salaried State Medical Service.

We cannot print the author's name because professional etiquette forbids us to do so. But we can and do assure you of his high qualifications.

He wrote this article at white heat, unburdening himself at last of anger which has been mounting in him ever since he took his degrees.

His indictment is aimed not against doctors—many of whom feel as he does—but against the ramshackle system under which they work.



Doctors do fine work—as individuals. But the system under which they have to labour shackles them and brings hardship to poor patients

OUR national health machine is at present maladjusted. It is a rattling, old, disjointed bone-shaker, with loose parts, broken axles, repaired wheels, and unoiled, neglected joints.

Yet the machine can be made perfect. . . .

In a harmless-looking motion by the Edinburgh Branch of the British Medical Association at the Aberdeen Conference a day or two ago, one way was shown:

The Edinburgh delegates demanded "that the Council be instructed to proceed immediately with a National Medical Service scheme alternative to the B.M.A. scheme."

Dare we hope that anything come of it?

Last year, the suggestion of a State Medical Service brought down upon its doctor-backers the wrath of leaders of the B.M.A.

Would-be reformers were crushed beneath the die-hard weight of the profession's leaders.

And so the scandal goes on.

It is plain that if rich men can command the best medical services by paying for them, the best services already exist and are waiting to be expanded. The tragedy is that working-class people, too poor to receive adequate medical attention and diagnosis, sicken and die without aid.

Theoretically, the medical services are available for all. But in practice the position is the reverse.

Every service is weighted against the poor.

OVER 85 PER CENT. OF BRITAIN'S POPULATION IS UNABLE TO MEET THE EXPENSES OF PROLONGED ILL-HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Contributory hospital schemes, public medical service payments, benefit club contributions—all these are attempts by the workers to provide protection against this menace.

THAT such attempts should be necessary is disgraceful—a scandal crying aloud for reform and reorganisation.

Different medical services are all muddled up.

The Ministry of Health, responsible for national health supervision, does not exercise even its limited powers over indifferent or defaulting local authorities.

Local health duties are in the hands of local government units, often too small for efficient administration on modern lines.

The part-time medical officer of health still blots the landscape.

Private medical practice—except when under contract to public bodies—is uncontrolled

Voluntary hospitals are outside official supervision or popular control. The public pays for the voluntary hospital but exercises no authority.

These voluntary hospitals are chronically in need of funds for modern equipment and necessary extension. Many are in desperate financial straits.

So, in order to raise revenue, the voluntary hospitals have turned to "private wards" and "paying beds," with discrimination between the sick poor and rich.

And, worse still, hospital consultants, previously giving service free for professional work of the highest standard, are now demanding remuneration.

There are at the majority of the voluntary hospitals inadequate arrangements for the evening attendance of out-patients.

Consequently a worker usually has to lose a day's pay to secure the opinion of a hospital consultant.

National Health Insurance service, besides having many anomalies, is limited to treatment by general practitioners of minimum average skill and ability.

An insured person needing consultant advice, or institutional treatment, or scientific investigation, has still to sponge on the faked charity of the voluntary hospital or turn to the rate-aided municipal hospitals.

The latter are still in most areas *without out-patients'* departments.

In progressive areas, the municipal hospitals are steadily improving, but in others they are still backward.

BUT THE FUTURE LIES CERTAINLY WITH THEM. THE IDEA OF THE VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL IS OUTWORN.

At the present time there is no planned co-operation between the two opposing hospital systems.

The same kind of disjointedness is manifest elsewhere. For example, the National Health Insurance service is not linked in any way with the Public Assistance medical service.

Here is the position:

A worker while insured is on the panel of his chosen doctor. But when unemployed for any considerable time he can be compelled to seek medical advice from another doctor, one who has no knowledge or record of his previous history.

MUNICIPAL maternity clinics, supported by the ratepayers' money, are debarred from practising midwifery in the patients' homes except through the health visitor.

They can advise and attend the expectant mother at the clinic, but cannot attend her at home for the actual birth, even if there is knowledge of impending risk.

Questions of medical education must also be considered in a review of our maladjusted medical services.

It must be taken out of the hands of the unreformed General Medical Council—an unrepresentative body established nearly 100 years ago; absolutely beyond the control of any higher public tribunal, even Parliament.

The whole medical system, in fact, reeks of mad abuse. Clinics, sanatoria, convalescent homes, hospitals, and private practitioners—all are out of touch with one another.

A really strong Minister of Health—and Britain unfortunately has not been blessed with one—could work wonders of reform by utilising his departmental powers to the utmost.

Further, he could—after enquiry and report—introduce legislation for co-operative medical effort and an amalgamation of services.

No sectional interests or district prejudices should be permitted to stand in the way of national health.

Piecemeal change is not enough. Of schemes on paper there are plenty, but they generally deal with isolated and tiny reforms.

Complete, sweeping reorganisation is the only solution. A mere extension of the general practitioner service to dependants of the insured population, as urged by some, is not enough.

Nor is the idea of increased professional team-work in private clinics equipped with all necessary diagnostic aids.

NOR is a mere development of municipal medicine.

These, though desirable, are insufficient. They are merely ameliorative and palliative. The need for a *complete overhaul* remains.

I want to see a national health scheme with carefully planned co-ordination between all its various units, uniform throughout the country but sufficiently elastic to allow of modification according to local requirements.

Above all, there must be strong central supervision to keep the scheme up to required standards.

Such a scheme must provide not only ordinary treatment for minor or incipient ailments but all specialist and investigatory facilities.

It must be available to all citizens, irrespective of class or wealth.

When such a reformation is brought about, medical research will be kept no longer in swaddling-clothes. The long time-lag between scientific discovery and medical application will be shortened appreciably.

Team-work between professional workers will replace competitive isolation. The poor will have, free, the best medical treatment and skill.

Such a composite health service will be regarded not as a charity or concession but as a civic right.

ALREADY A DOORWAY IS OPENED TO PROGRESS BY THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT, 1929.

UNDER THIS ACT LOCAL AUTHORITIES CAN PROVIDE MUNICIPAL HOSPITALS.

Few local authorities have used their powers, especially in the establishment of out-patient hospital departments. It is a scandalous neglect.

OF course, the home medical service of local authorities must still be limited to those in need of public assistance. But municipal hospital services can readily be made available to all.

Not only the medical service, but all the ancillary services — laboratory, dental, and nursing—require reorganisation.

TO BRING THE WHOLE PROBLEM UNDER REVIEW A ROYAL COMMISSION ON NATIONAL HEALTH—WITH WIDE POWERS OF REFERENCE EXTENDING TO LOCAL GOVERNMENT READJUSTMENT—IS IMPERATIVE.

And it must be a *unique* Royal Commission—one that acts and reports quickly.

Harvesting time in the country. But before the farmer gets in his crops, insects and pests of all kinds have eaten their share. Their meals cost the country millions

THE BIG CROP CRISIS

Vermin destroy a tenth of our food crops every year. Weeds in some districts threaten to ruin the crops entirely. A national drive against these pests is essential

WE are apt at moments of national crisis to wake up suddenly to the needs of our national food supply.

Then we begin to discuss ways to increase it, talk of bringing more acres under the plough, look to the security of our sea routes and the adequacy of our merchant shipping.

Yet there is one way to increase the supply that we always overlook. And that is the easiest way of all, as it is by far the swiftest.

RATHER MORE THAN A TENTH PART OF ALL THE CORN AND FRUIT AND VEGETABLES WE RAISE IN BRITAIN IS DEVOURED BY INSECTS AND OTHER PESTS EVERY YEAR.

Indirectly, by spreading disease and by contaminating more than they destroy, they are doing more millions of pounds' worth of damage than anybody has cared or dared to reckon.

To-day improved methods of production and distribution have increased and are increasing both the numbers of the pests and their ravages. For modern specialisation all over the world tends to devote large areas to raising a single crop.

AND that increases the chances of the particular pest which feeds on that crop.

To-day, we have swift methods of sea and air transport, and these are bringing new pests in from all over the world.

Every year there is a fresh one.

The existence of our potato crop may be threatened by the Colorado beetle which was not known sixty years ago even in Colorado, and which came into Europe with American supplies for the French Army in the World War.

Luckily, it has not yet got a footing in Britain. If it ever does, the outlook is going to be grim, for a thousand females of the species cause 45,000,000 births a year.

Americans reckon that 36 out of the 74 worst pests that prey on them were imported since the war.

And we, too, have many pests that were not known to our fathers, pests like the apple capsid bug, the green capsid bug, the fruit-tree red spider and the strawberry mite.

Transported from their homes, they find themselves dropped here in the midst of plenty, free from the enemies that preyed on them in their own country and the parasites that devoured anything from half to 90 per cent. of them in the lands of their origin.

They grow, breed, multiply and flourish like the musk-rat, which not long ago was a much graver danger than the public, luckily, realised.

Thirty years ago there were just seven musk-rats in Europe. A Bohemian nobleman had imported them from Alaska for their furs.

Very soon there were 100,000,000 specimens in Germany, and, by 1926, 2,000,000 had got into this country.

They were scurrying around the barns and granaries, burrowing into railway embankments, dykes and river banks.

WHOLE EMBANKMENTS BEGAN TO COLLAPSE, GREAT AREAS WERE FLOODED. THEN WE WOKE UP. THERE WAS A BIG ENOUGH SCARE TO STIMULATE UNUSUAL ENERGY.

Alongside a nation-wide drive there was a world survey of the creatures' habits by the Imperial Institute of Entomology, whose researches save us about £10,000,000 a year.

And by 1928 there wasn't a musk-rat left in the country.

That shows what we can do when we really do wake up.

It shows what we might do again, but, unfortunately, we are content to tolerate an evil we take for granted, and so long as a pest does not increase sensationally we ignore it.

There are pests to which we have become so used that they are more like pets than pests to us. One is the rabbit. Our easy tolerance has let them cover the whole face of Britain, eat £70,000,000 worth of food every year that *we* ought to be eating.

THEY ARE ALLOWED TO DEVOUR THE SUSTENANCE OF 2,000,000 SHEEP, WHILE WE HAVE 20,000,000 SHEEP TOO FEW.

EVERY year the litters from one rabbit can eat food enough to feed four cows. Every year it costs us £30,000 to protect our little acreage of forest (proportionately one-fifth of Germany's and a quarter of France's) from the ravages of rabbits.

And the number of rabbits goes on growing, growing more rapidly than our yield of food or the acreage we are afforesting.

More destructive than rabbits are rats. There are about as many rats in Britain as there are people.

A female rat can produce thirty-six young every year, so there would be enough rats in this country, if nothing were done about them, to put 100,000 on every square inch of England and Scotland.

Luckily, things are not so bad as that. Nature, although thwarted by the shooting of owls, stoats and weasels that are the rat's natural enemy, manages with the aid of rat weeks and rat hunts to keep the number static.

But it does not decrease. Year by year forty million rats do eighty million pounds' worth of damage, emptying our barns and spreading disease by contaminating our water.

But rats are not the worst of the seventy pests that feed on grain.

THERE ARE FOUR HUNDRED SORTS OF WEEVIL; WEEVILS THAT HAVE EMPTIED ELEVATORS AND RECENTLY ATE UP FOUR WHOLE SHIPLOADS OF CORN.

THE weevils breed more swiftly than the rats. One pair produce a million young in a season, and they devour half a million pounds' worth of stored grain every year.

While such insect pests reduce the produce of every acre by a tenth, weeds can destroy its yield completely.

We have three million less acres under cultivation now than we had in 1914, and most of them have become acres of nettle, ragwort, dock and quickthorn.

In the county of Wiltshire alone 75,000 acres of good farming land are overgrown with weeds. There are regulations about weeds—local authorities have powers to punish those who let them run riot over their land.

But the powers are permissive and usually ignored.

A systematic tightening up and gingering up could do surprising things to make more food grow in every county of Britain, but, because the weed, like the pest, has always been with us in vast quantities, we have grown slack and tolerant and suffered the nettles to grow till the land has become scarred with great forests of them.

Meanwhile the war goes on, a war that we wage with persistence, expert knowledge and hard work, but a war that finds us, in spite of everything, on the defensive.

EFFECTIVELY to reduce the pests that prey on us, and uproot the weeds that choke us, we need the force of a public opinion really roused to the danger, and a nation-wide organised campaign that would leave far less to individual effort.

FOR TILL NOW NOTHING HAS BEEN DONE TO TELL THE COUNTRY, APART FROM FARMERS AND GROWERS, WHAT WE COULD SAVE BY NATIONAL EFFORT.

No single work, beyond the learned treatises of experts and the dry advisory leaflets of the Ministry, have been published.

No stark, telling statistics, such as are set out in countless American volumes, articles and broadcasts, bring home the tragedy of the damage we suffer.

Yet in the defence against pests we can perform miracles as great as we have accomplished in the other forms of our national defence, if only we can awaken to the reality and the intensity of our need.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

YOU would expect ex-Captain Ramsey, heroic soldier of the Great War, to have a comfortable position in life.

For a man who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal in 1915, the Military Cross in 1916, and who holds the French Croix de Guerre must have outstanding qualities.

And so Mr. Ramsey has. Since the war, he has held responsible positions, but owing to reorganisation he has been unemployed for the past two years.

Her father needs your help!

He has a wife and two children to maintain. His wife has had two major operations. His two little girls of seven and eight have had scarlet fever, measles and bronchitis.

Will our generous readers do what they can to assist this brave man to conquer his undeserved misfortunes?

Please mark your donations "Croix de Guerre," Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

All sums will be gratefully acknowledged where names and addresses are given. As is generally known, all expenses connected with the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

We gratefully acknowledge £1 from "Wirral."

Exclusive!

The City buzzed with excitement and the public was puzzled when front-page headlines recently broke the news that the Stock Exchange had "de-listed" eight gold mining companies. It meant that all dealings in the shares of those concerns—known collectively as the "de Bernales group"—were forbidden.

Why? These pages supply the answer. They reveal the amazing facts behind the Great Gold Riddle. They tell you too, in the section below, about the financier, Claude de Bernales, whose companies are affected.

GREAT GOL
AMAZIN

SITTING cross-legged in his magnificent office at 8, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., Claude de Bernales told reporters that he was demanding a Board of Trade Enquiry following the Stock Exchange's unprecedented action in banning all dealings in the shares of eight goldmining companies under his control.

Actually, JOHN BULL can reveal, a Board of Trade Enquiry, embracing not only his now "de-listed" companies, but several Australian concerns he controls through nominees, was asked for by other people as far back as May 31.

On that date shareholders of Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines, prosperous company of the "de Bernales group," exercised their rights under the Companies Acts, which provide that if shareholders representing 10 per cent. of any company's subscribed capital band together and lodge definite grounds, the Board of Trade can appoint an inspector, with statutory powers, to hold an official investigation.

They submitted to the Right Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, an eight-page printed document concerning the management of their company.

This report was prepared by a committee of shareholders headed by Mr. Wilfrid A. Barton, K.C.

It was based on information obtained from audited accounts and investigations made in Australia and elsewhere, and it names again and again every one of the "de-listed" companies—whose total issued capital is in the neighbourhood of £3,550,000, and whose shares in 1935 were listed at £8,600,000. *(Details of those companies are given in the panel which accompanies this article.)*

ON June 23, less than a month after this document was handed to the Board of Trade, the Great Boulder company held its annual meeting in the main hall of the Chartered Insurance Institute. It proved to be one of the most remarkable company meetings ever known in the City.

Unusual precautions were taken to prevent unauthorised people from entering the hall. The doors were guarded by twenty pensioned constables and commissionaires.

De Bernales was in the chair, and for nearly four hours, calm and unruffled, he faced attacks made upon him by a solicitor acting for 2,000 perturbed shareholders.

There was frequent booing and much derisive laughter. Among other things, de Bernales was severely criticised because of his association and dealings with numerous other companies which had failed under his management.

One noted speaker, condemning de Bernales' management, told the assembly that "every move made by your company is controlled by Mr. de Bernales—and by him alone."

During the course of this meeting, which ended in disorder, de Bernales broke a mallet while trying to quell the storm!

WHY all this excitement? To get a grip on the explanation without getting lost in a maze of financial technicalities, it is necessary to go back to 1932, when de Bernales returned to London after thirty adventurous years in Australia, during which time he had formed a number of companies.

It is in connection with some of these Australian ventures that so much criticism has lately been levelled against de Bernales.

Bernales—Sphinx of the City

CLAUDE ALBO DE BERNALES is a man with a poker-face. He is the Sphinx of the City. Nothing ever disturbs his outward calm.

Even the other day, when the storm broke, he remained cool and unruffled.

In the first reverse of his amazing career—but such a reverse as few men are called upon to face—he is as much a master of himself as he has been throughout forty years of climbing to his present pinnacle.

First rung of the ladder was his father's office in the City of London, which he entered after an education at an English public school and Heidelberg University.

He was a six-footer and broad-shouldered—although not so powerfully broad as to-day. His handshake, then as now, could make his friends wince.

He and his father could not agree on business matters, and eventually—but, characteristically, without heat or temper—he announced that he was going to Australia to work on his own. With £70 borrowed from a friend, he went.

Those were gold boom days, and he plunged into prospecting. Typhoid bringing an end to that, he tried his hand at buying old machinery from the bigger mining companies and selling it to the smaller ones.

LACK of capital didn't deter him. He bought options on plant for a pound or so, travelled the country by camel and horse and foot to find customers.

Within two years, at the age of twenty-one, he had made his first £1,000 and repaid the £70 loan.

By the time he was thirty he was earning £20,000 a year! And before many more years had gone complete mines, as well as plant, were passing through his hands.

To-day he can say that he has been the owner, at one time or another, of nearly every goldmine in Australia.

A man less resolute than he might have been ruined by the great slump of 1929-30.

Nobody wanted gold, yet he had a number of goldfields on his hands. What is more, the law of the goldfields is that unless a certain number of men are kept working on a mine all rights in it must lapse.

With courage and without a flicker on his imperturbable countenance he gave the order: "Keep them at work."

He bore the entire cost of keeping the mines alive out of his own pocket.

After the slump he negotiated an agreement with the Australian Government that ensured an economic price for Australian gold for a long period.

THEN, the slump over, Claude de Bernales looked for new fields.

He came to London in 1932 with an idea that made the Stock Exchange whistle with astonishment.

It was a proposition to raise £12,000,000 from the British public to take over the ownership of his Australian properties.

The City soon convinced him that such a gigantic scheme would never get beyond the stage of an idea.

But he still thought big, as is shown by his City operations, which we deal with separately in these pages.

Typical of the man was the news, in April, 1935, that he had sent a young man named Sargo from London to Western Australia to prospect for gold, using an autogiro for the first time in the whole history of prospecting. Bernales is always up to date!

And the amount of gold the young man was going to prospect for was—**£180,000,000 worth.** Bernales is always big!

Then came the gold-boom years in London.

Thousands of small investors fought for gold shares, forgetting, as small investors have so often forgotten before, the misery that so often follows booms.

Bernales during those years climbed all the time. To-day, at sixty, he is reputed to be a millionaire. His big frame, his inevitable cigar, his fine button-hole are famed throughout the City.

The button-hole comes every day from the hot-houses of his Roehampton mansion—a magnificent place full of art treasures and surrounded by beautiful gardens.

Mr. de Bernales

His establishment in the City is equally sumptuous. A six-floor building of rare quartzite, marble and bronze, it is one of London's most impressive commercial buildings.

AND his own room, with its walls panelled in African mahogany, is hung with rare Flemish tapestry.

There to-day sits Claude de Bernales, Sphinx of the City, still calm and smiling, still not looking a day over forty, still working sixteen hours a day.

Thirty thousand shareholders, fearing for their savings, are given new confidence by his confidence.

Out there in Australia the employees of his mines and other concerns remember his brilliance, his invariable success, and lose some of their worries about the future of their firms and their jobs.

These thousands of people depending on him think of him as a superman; they think of all his previous triumphs, of his meteoric career.

But what Claude de Bernales thinks nobody knows. He is the greatest riddle of the Great Gold Riddle.

D RIDDLE: G TRUTH

Name of Company	Price of Share	Issued Capital	Highest Quoted Value of Share	*Present Value
Southern Cross Gold Development, Limited -	5/-	£ 241,638	8/10½	Nil
Murchison Gold Development, Limited - - -	5/-	300,864	7/3	1½d. to 7½d.
Great Boulder Mining and Finance, Limited -	5/-	1,212,049	4/7½	4½d. to 10½d.
Beryl Gold Corporation, Limited - - - - - -	5/-	349,990	5/7½	4½d.
Commonwealth Mining and Finance, Limited. (This company's shares were reduced in May last from 5/- to 2/6 after issued capital was cut from £1,212,500 to £606,250)	2/6	606,250	17/10	9d.
Anglo Australian Gold Development, Limited -	5/-	397,823	14/4½	3d. to 9d.
North Kalgurli United Gold Development, Ltd.	5/-	201,423	10/-	1½d. to 7½d.
Meekathara Gold Mines, Limited - - -	2/-	241,759	1/10½	2d.

** These prices are, of course, those obtainable before the Stock Exchange ban. Under this ban the shares are now unsaleable.*

NO DIVIDENDS HAVE BEEN PAID ON ANY OF THE ABOVE COMPANIES' SHARES.

He began here by studying with special interest the history of one particular goldmining company—Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines, Ltd., which was originally incorporated in June, 1894, and which has an authorised capital of £250,000.

All its shares are now issued as fully paid up.

GREAT BOULDER had had a remarkably successful career. For thirty years it had flourished under the direction of the late John Waddington, a much-respected financier who died in 1935.

By that time de Bernales, with his vast knowledge of gold-mining and his first-class financial brain, had in the two years or so since he returned to London raised four millions for various concerns.

People who knew him were saying that he would soon be a millionaire on his own account.

In 1934 he bought a block of shares in the Great Boulder company, and became a director. After the death of Waddington, he became Chairman and Managing Director.

Since de Bernales became the controlling spirit of Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines, many shareholders have not seen eye to eye with him.

They have alleged that some of his methods were not the proper ones to employ in the best interests of the company.

But de Bernales, broad-shouldered, forceful, a really magnetic personality, has maintained a complete grip on affairs.

Not until that document was lodged at the Board of Trade did his critics begin to make much headway.

An Australian shareholder had for some time been deeply concerned. Owner of 40,000 individual shares, he made some enquiries out there concerning the affairs of other companies associated with the "de Bernales Group."

At the instance of numerous Australian shareholders, he came to London about a year ago.

As a result, a "Shareholders' Enquiry Committee" was set up, with Mr. Wilfrid Barton, K.C., as chairman.

Balance sheets and accounts covering a period of years were examined by experts; the relations between the English and Australian companies were probed; contracts between companies in England and others in Australia, and de Bernales' interests in them were scrutinised.

Mr. Bernales in his magnificently tapestried office

One of the grounds upon which the enquiry was sought concerns the manner in which some of the now de-listed companies were originally floated to take over de Bernales' interests in Australia.

Shareholders of the Great Boulder were given preferential rights in taking up shares in some of the new companies. In view of the good dividends Great Boulder had paid in the past, they jumped at the opportunity to subscribe.

It is now alleged that the prospectus hopes have not been realised.

Particularly, this charge is made in the case of Southern Cross Gold Development, Ltd., which, with an issued capital of £240,000, is now being wound up.

Another of the complaints in the statement submited to the Board of Trade is that, in Australia, de Bernales has what is known as a Family Trust company, in which he is entitled to two-thirds of all dividends received by the Trust.

THE Family Trust company controls a second concern in Australia, which acts as "General Managers" there for the Great Boulder company.

The "Local Director" of the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines actually in Australia is not a member of the London Board. He is eighty-four years of age, his eyesight is defective and his health makes it difficult for him to undergo the journey from Perth, where his home is, to Kalgoorlie—where the company's mine is—nearly 400 miles away.

Before de Bernales became chairman of the Great Boulder there had been a local board of directors in Australia. He dispensed with their services, and the company which now acts as "General Managers" has a man named Ennemond Raoul Marie Faye as its managing director.

Faye is de Bernales' son-in-law.

In the shareholders' appeal to the Board of Trade considerable information is available to show that, through relatives, de Bernales is largely interested in Australian mining companies.

The "Family Trust" company and the son-in-law Faye were recently involved in some discreditable proceedings in the Perth Police Court.

VALUABLE antique furniture had been imported by the family "Trust" into Western Australia, and the payment of Customs duties was evaded.

The magistrate held that the evasion was deliberate and systematic, and he inflicted fines—**—believed to be the largest ever known in such a case—amounting to £2,150 against Faye and the "Family Trust."**

This Trust owns the company which acts as "managers" in Australia for the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines, Ltd.

Many other matters are raised in the Great Boulder statement to the Board of Trade, and it is obvious—both in the interests of Mr. de Bernales and the shareholders—that the President of the Board should at once give his consent to an enquiry.

Some people think that the situation calls for a Government investigation in Western Australia, where the real position of the companies could be speedily ascertained. But a Board of Trade enquiry here, if promptly held, will do much to safeguard the interests of the shareholders.

Husband Bought For £200: Adopted Her Fiance: Shot-gun Weddings

A visit to the Registrar's. Sometimes it comes after a few hours' courtship—sometimes after years.

More Confessions of a MARRIAGE REGISTRAR

SOMEONE once said that all students of psychology should be made to finish off their training by spending two years in the office of the Registrar for Births, Marriages and Deaths—or, if you prefer it, the Hatchings, Matchings and Dispatchings department.

Personally, I am inclined to think it would do them the world of good. I doubt whether there is any other office under the sun which sees so many strange and diverse kinds of people in such quick succession.

Our visitors range from the blustering, domineering type—who is not going to stand any nonsense from *you*, young man—to the frightened, mousy type, who appears to be on the verge of blurting out an apology for wanting to be married.

Romantically inclined people would get the shock of their lives if they saw the couples who try to sneak into the Registrar's as unobtrusively as possible.

What would you say if the bride, bridegroom and best man tipped the scales at close on eighty stones between them?

Yet I actually had a case like that some years ago. And didn't the floorboards creak when they marched in!

What do think of a man six feet six inches in height marrying a woman who needed another half an inch to make her four feet tall?

Or a six-feet-four woman marrying a three-feet-six circus midget?

We get so used to seeing strange, ill-assorted couples that it is not often we evince more than a passing interest in them. After all, we are there to marry them, and we have got to do our job.

But I will confess that there is one type of marriage that does get under my skin, and which really upsets me.

It is what the popular Press likes to call a "May and December" wedding.

The worst example that I recall is that of a slip of a girl of seventeen who married a man seventy-two years older than herself!

Actually, the man was within a month or two of his ninetieth birthday. He was so infirm that he had to be helped up the steps to my office, and he even had the effrontery to bring his grandchildren along to witness the ceremony!

I doubt whether the girl had the slightest idea of the enormity of what she was doing. I feel sure the marriage must have been forced on her by her parents, who, judging from their guilty looks, must have realised that they were little better than white-slavers.

From the old man's expensive car, and other signs of affluence, I gathered that they must have looked on the wedding as one way of getting an easy income with a good thick slice of capital to come when the silly old fool had used up the two or three years left to him.

I WOULD like to have taken those parents and knocked their heads together.

Then I would like to have taken the girl outside, given her a good spanking, and packed her off back to the school which she had left less than six months before.

Of course, most of these "May and December" marriages result from young girls acting on that ridiculous bit of false philosophy: "It's better to be a rich man's darling than a poor man's slave!"

But not all of them can be explained in that way.

One of the prettiest brides who ever stepped into the Registry was a girl of twenty-one—a girl I had known since she was a child. As a matter of fact, I was at school with her father.

We will call her Molly H.—that's as good a name as any.

She married a man of seventy, who had hardly a brass farthing to bless himself with. I believe his total income was somewhere about £2 15s. a week.

I was never able to fathom just why Molly married him.

It was not that she was lonely. She had dozens of boy friends.

And it was not that her home life was unhappy. Her parents were two of the most generous and understanding people I know.

When I asked Molly her reasons about a week before the wedding she said:

"It's just that I love him and have done for the past three years. I know that it might sound a bit unusual, but really I just can't bear to be away from him.

"Of course, Mum and Dad are a bit cut up about it, but I've got my own life to live, and now that I've turned twenty-one I'm going to please myself!"

It is not always the groom who is the elderly partner, though. Frequently the bride is quite old enough to be the groom's mother, or even grandmother.

When that happens I usually suspect that it is merely a case of a lonely old woman who wants someone to love.

You may have seen the Press reports of one case that happened about two years ago. It got more than its fair share of publicity at the time.

It concerned one of London's most noted women. She was sixty-two, and she fell madly in love with a young fellow of twenty-three.

She gave Notice of Intention to Marry and had all the arrangements completed for the ceremony, when her friends and relations kicked up such a fuss about it that she was forced to abandon the marriage.

However, she compromised.

She took out the necessary legal papers and adopted the boy as her son!

I am not the only Registrar who hates to see such marriages as these. Most of the others do, too. That is why, behind the couples' backs, we call it joining them together in the bonds of "unholy matrimony"!

PROBABLY the most pathetic of all marriages are those we call "Shot-gun Weddings," where the couple go through the ceremony for the sole purpose of giving some unfortunate youngster a legal name.

Many of them turn out all right, of course, because it so happens that the couple really are in love with each other, but many others are merely making the best of a bad job. And a very bad best it turns out to be.

More than one man has walked straight out of my office, immediately after the ceremony, and has never set eyes on his wife again.

I have also known occasions when it is the man who has been victimised. It is surprising the lengths to which some girls will go when they find it necessary to produce a husband quickly.

They generally begin by blaming every man friend they possibly can. If no one rises to the bait they plan out more practical measures.

One girl in my district, who was faced with this necessity, went out and sold up everything she had—and she had quite a bit for a girl of twenty-three.

With the £200 she managed to raise she bribed a London street beggar to be her husband—£20 in advance and the balance of £180 to be paid in my office after the ceremony was over!

That beggar was a canny blighter. Before he would agree to proceed he insisted that she count out the money and hand it to me with the instructions that I was to pay it over afterwards.

HE was not much of a groom. He was dirty and in rags.

But he did have the decency to have some sort of a shave and haircut for the occasion.

And he *was* able to offer her the doubtful protection of his name.

I don't know whether the term "Shot-gun Wedding" was invented by some humorous cynic. Or whether it is the relic of the so-called "Good old days," when irate relatives really *did* go after missing lovers with a gun to make them come back to "do right by our Nell"!

Maybe it was the latter. If so, relatives have not changed very much in their ideas, even though they might have become a little more law-abiding.

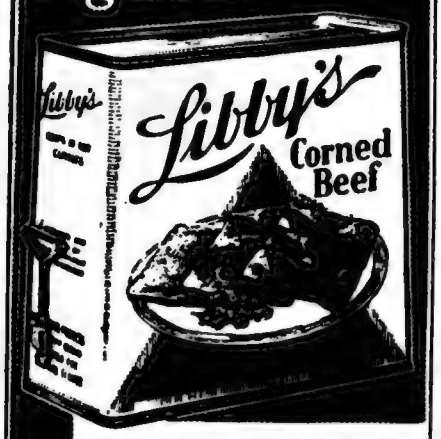
It is only three years since a gay young Lothario, who tried to leave his sweetheart in the lurch, was taken for a nice walk, and a confidential chat, by four of the girl's husky relatives. They told him to "Marry her! Or else!"

He must have been convinced that they really meant what they said, because he *did* marry her.

I know. I performed the ceremony. And the young man asked my advice

(Continued on page 24)

Makes many a dainty dish to set before a guest



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Continuing: A Marriage Registrar's Confessions

They Wed at First Sight!

when he came to give Notice of Intention.

I told him what I tell every man or woman who seeks my opinion on the same point.

That is, that even though the parties absolutely loathe the sight of each other, it is better to get married as quickly and as quietly as possible—they can always arrange a separation, or get a divorce, later on if necessary.

As I point out, the presence of an illegitimate child is bound to be the cause of innumerable heart-burnings and recriminations, besides making the still unborn babe the object of pointing fingers and backyard whisperings.

Whereas legalising the position does at least remove a fearful handicap from the child's shoulders.

It does enable both parents to keep their self-respect, to hold their heads high, and to throw off that slinking, back-alley feeling.

AND it does ensure that two, at least, of the three will achieve a fair measure of happiness, with the sporting chance that the match may turn out happily for all three.

The girl who bought herself a husband for £200 reminds me of the fact that the question of money enters very largely into modern marriage.

There is such a thing as love. And couples do marry for love.

I know, because I have solemnised thousands of real love matches.

But I am convinced that the majority of weddings are arranged for much more practical reasons.

In my opinion, the average man selects his bride because he thinks she will prove to be an efficient housewife and a good mother, with whom he will be able to get along without an undue amount of squabbling.

Or because she has certain advantages, either physical, educational or financial, which he thinks will prove helpful to him and which will make him the envy of other men.

DEEP down, you know, all men like to think that their wives are so much better than other men's wives. And that other men are jealous of them for it.

On the other hand, Miss Modern picks her mate principally because he represents, to her, that elusive thing—security.

And, personally, I think she would be a fool if she did not.

Of course, just like Miss 1880, Miss 1939 likes to envisage her future marriage as a rich, influential affair—*the* match of the season.

But few of them ever have the chance of achieving their ambition.

The greater majority compromise by marrying a steady-going young fellow who looks like being a good provider, and who seems to have a fair chance of forging ahead in life.

One thing I will say for Miss Modern is that she does not hesitate to take her coat off, and buck-in, if she thinks it will help her man become the superman she wants him to be.

"Business marriages," in which men and women auction themselves off, figuratively, to the highest bidder, are by no means uncommon.

More than one impoverished member of the aristocracy has come to my office to trade in half his title for the half of a fortune.

As most people know, America is the happy hunting-ground for these Title-Fortune marriages—and the money which flits from the New World to the Old, by means of these matches, represents a real problem, and a headache, to Uncle Sam.

The United States has lost more than £100,000,000 to Europe in the last decade or two in this way.

Now let us think not only of the young couples who pledge their troth for ever and anon, but also of those old, tried and true lovers—lovers who have remained constant, unswerving and faithful for thirty and forty years.

It happens like that, you know. It happened to Tom and Nellie.

Maybe I am a sentimental old fool. I do not know. But when I find a couple like that I just cannot help feeling romantic regrets for the "What-Might-Have-Been."

Only last year an old man and an old woman came to me to give Notice of Intention to Marry.

They were both well into their sixties, and looked far older. They were Tom and Nellie—and they had been engaged ever since 1899!

Just think of it! Since 1899! Thirty-nine years. Much more than half a lifetime.

Nellie's father was the cause of it.

On his deathbed—he died in January, 1890—he forced her to make a solemn vow that she would never marry while her mother was alive.

Nellie was a deeply religious girl. She kept the promises he had sworn on the family Bible.

She waited.

Tom was religious, too. And he was in love with Nellie—really in love.

So he waited, too—from 1900 to 1938.

Is it any wonder that I was more than a little husky?

Or that a very benign, fatherly feeling came over me when I pronounced them man and wife?

Thirty-nine years is a long time. But it's not the record, by any means.

A West End Registrar friend of mine tells me he married a couple who were engaged for forty-six years!

PERHAPS some of our "Love-at-first-sight," lightning fiancés could take lessons from them.

For many couples manage to get married in less hours than Tom and Nellie took years.

I think the English record for a high-speed marriage must, surely, go to Mr. Gerald Quinn and Miss Elizabeth Emslie—those are their real names, by the way.

Mr. Quinn was born in Scotland—in Portsoy, on the Moray Firth, to be exact—although he has been out in Capetown for many years.

Last December, while he was home on holiday, he met Miss Emslie. He visited her in Kingswear on the Thursday, proposed to her on Friday, and married her, by special licence, on Saturday. Just thirty-six hours!

Mr. Quinn confessed to a reporter—naturally the couple were besieged by newspapermen—that he found proposing a bit of a problem.

Like a shrewd Scot, he led up to it by asking Miss Emslie: "This isn't another Gretna Green, by any chance, is it?"

Five days does not seem so very rapid alongside thirty-six hours, does it?

Yet, on January 21 of this year, Miss Evelyn Harding, of Hartsfield, and Mr. Arthur Henry Brooks wound up a whirlwind, five-day courtship by getting married.

It came about because Mr. Brooks happened to be searching the "Want Ads." of a newspaper looking for a satisfactory housekeeper.

He saw an advertisement that interested him. He went to see the lady concerned.

That one visit was sufficient to convince him that he would far rather marry her.

So he laid siege to her affections.

As he himself expressed it: "I went down to get her and her things, and—well, here we are!"

The world's record for lightning proposals, though, definitely goes to a man I married in 1937.

He proposed to his future wife *less than one second after meeting her for the first time!*

He simply walked up to her in the street, took off his hat, and said: "Excuse me. Will you marry me?"

As she told me afterwards, her first reaction—quite a natural one—was to think him completely out of his senses.

She must have shown it in her manner because Basil, the man in the case, hastened to reassure her. "I'm not mad!" he said. "And I really mean it. Will you marry me?"

"YOU see," he went on, "I've just made a bet with a friend of mine that I wasn't game to marry the first good-looking girl who'd say 'Yes!' Will you marry me?"

Winifred looked him over carefully. He was very well dressed. And, from what I saw of him in the Registry, he must have had a sizeable income.

"Well, I'm a sport, too," she said. "I'll marry you!"

Basil dumped her straight into a taxi. And brought her around to my office to make arrangements for the wedding.

They told me they got here less than six minutes after seeing each other for the first time!

They actually went through with the wedding, too. They were married by certificate.

Though what happened to them afterwards I don't know.

I have never heard.

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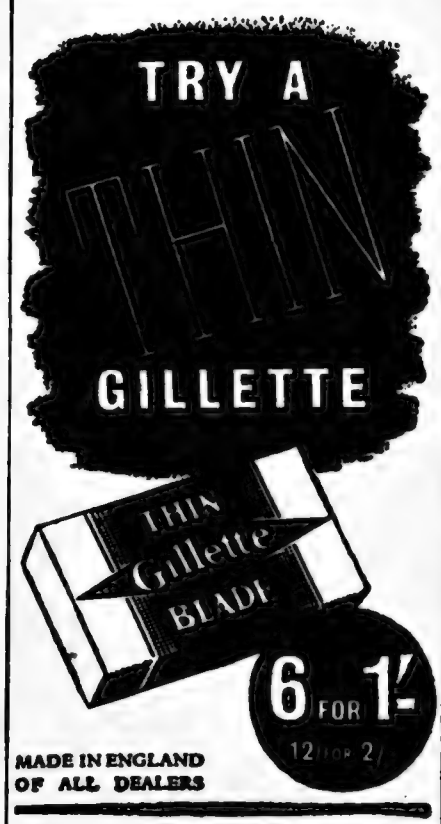


MADE IN ENGLAND
OF ALL DEALERS

Write to "John Bull" About It

Not from the B.B.C.

"Welcome to the party!"

But although we are by nature a credulous little thing, to whom almost any nicely spoken gent could sell a gold brick, we just can't help the thought creeping into our foolish little head that the spate of official and unofficial propaganda anent the new militia is being just a teeny weeny bit overdone.

In this country we have had quite a lot of clean fun at the expense of Goebbels and his overworked propaganda machine, but it looks as if it's now our turn to provide a merry "Ha-ha" or two.

Indeed, the Italian Press, repeating yarns of militiamen being provided with five-course banquets and scented soap, has already proclaimed "We have no need to be scared of this kind of soldier."

Actually "this kind of soldier" exists only in the imaginations of excited reporters and the glamour boys of the propaganda branch of the W.O., who seem feverishly anxious to represent barracks as a place where pampered youths have morning tea brought them by well-drilled sergeants.

Army conditions, of course, are better than in our day, Henry. But I doubt if they've changed enough to make me feel acute regret that I am not now of military vintage or circumference.

Arms— and the Lad!

His voice is soft, his smile is sweet,
In style refined, though hearty,
He seeks each new recruit to greet
And welcome to the party;
But there are doubters, not a few,
Who think this sergeant-major new
Sounds much too good to be quite true!

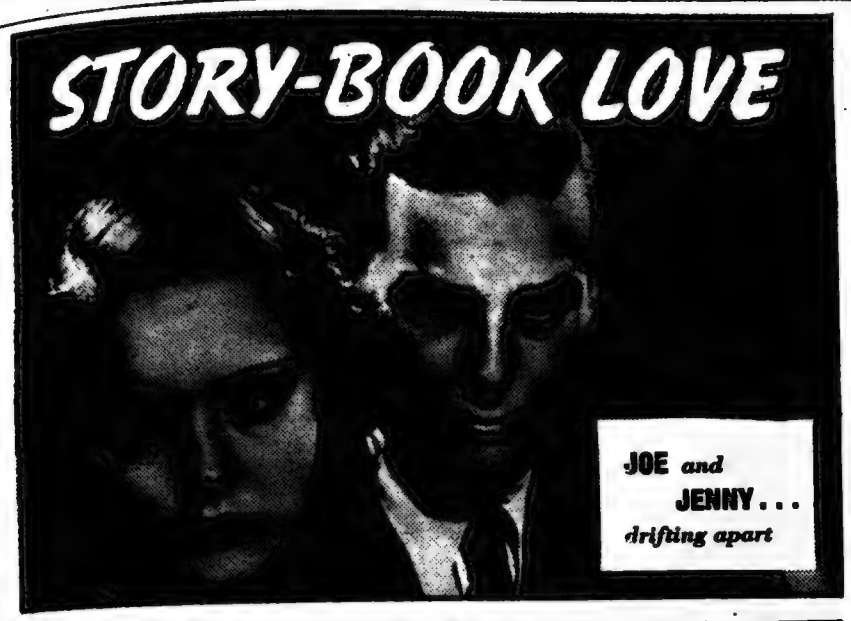
WHERE did they find them, those sergeant-majors of whom we have lately been reading? And when found, who taught them to make noises like nicely brought-up canaries and to smile like the Scrap Iron Industry Queen when cameras are in the offing?

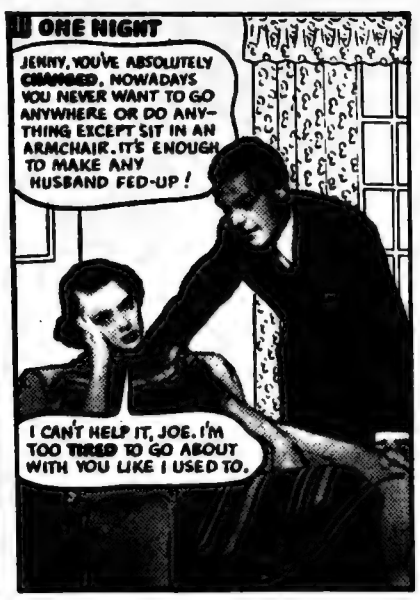
In an age which has given us the radio, the aeroplane and the patent potato-peeler, we are doing our best to believe, among other things, the story of the War Office having invented a new sergeant-major, complete with sterilised vocabulary and automatically regulated blood pressure.

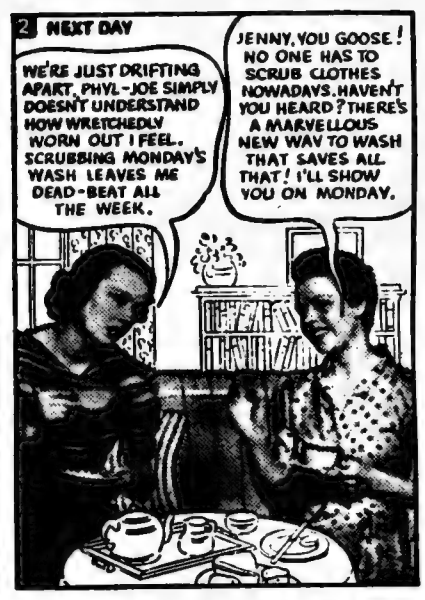
Remember how they maddened us
when we set off for France,
Those patriotic oldsters unafraid,
Who, sitting in their club armchairs,
wished they could have our chance—
The rankers of the Would-to-Heaven Brigade!

So now the younger generation's got
a job to do,
Don't kid them it's a holiday and sigh:
"Would to heaven I were younger,
and could go to camp like you!"
For they'll know that this is just a bloomin' lie!

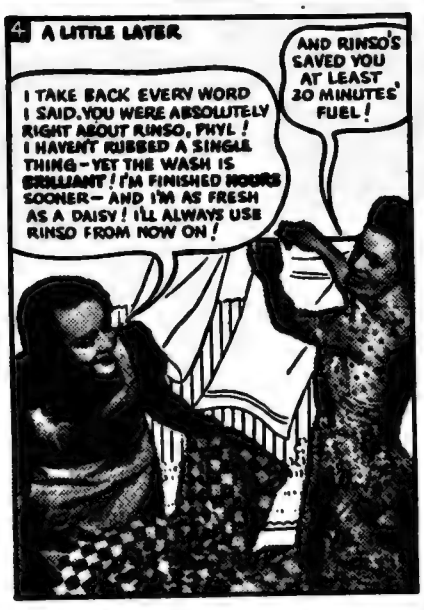
Y. Z.




1 ONE NIGHT
JENNY, YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY CHANGED. NOWADAYS YOU NEVER WANT TO GO ANYWHERE OR DO ANYTHING EXCEPT SIT IN AN ARMCHAIR. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY HUSBAND FED-UP!
I CAN'T HELP IT, JOE. I'M TOO TIRED TO GO ABOUT WITH YOU LIKE I USED TO.


2 NEXT DAY
WE'RE JUST DRIFTING APART. PHYL-JOE SIMPLY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HOW WRETCHEDLY WORN OUT I FEEL. SCRUBBING MONDAY'S WASH LEAVES ME DEAD-BEAT ALL THE WEEK.
JENNY, YOU GOOSE! NO ONE HAS TO SCRUB CLOTHES NOWADAYS. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THERE'S A MARVELLOUS NEW WAY TO WASH THAT SAVES ALL THAT! I'LL SHOW YOU ON MONDAY.

3 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY
NONSENSE, YOU CAN'T TELL ME THESE CLOTHES DON'T NEED A GOOD SCRUB!
NOT WITH RINSO! THEY'LL BE BEAUTIFUL WITH JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING FOR THE WHITES AND 12 MINUTES' SOAKING FOR THE COLOUREDS, AND NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL! YOU'LL SOON SEE!


4 A LITTLE LATER
I TAKE BACK EVERY WORD I SAID, YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, PHYL! I HAVEN'T RUBBED A SINGLE THING—YET THE WASH IS BRILLIANT! I'M FINISHED HOURS SOONER—AND I'M AS FRESH AS A DAISY! I'LL ALWAYS USE RINSO FROM NOW ON!
AND RINSO'S SAVED YOU AT LEAST 30 MINUTES' FUEL!

5 ANOTHER NIGHT
I'LL TELL YOU A TRUE STORY. "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A VERY PRETTY GIRL WHO WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH HER POOR HUSBAND BECAUSE SHE WAS ALWAYS TOO TIRED..."
"...AND THEN SOMEBODY TOLD HER ABOUT RINSO AND HER WASHDAYS BECAME SO EASY SHE WAS NEVER TIRED OUT ANY MORE. SO THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

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Give brilliant washing results!

WOMEN used to find it took all Monday to get the clothes clean.

And no wonder! For first the clothes had to be soaked, then scrubbed, and finally boiled for 30 or 40 minutes. But that back-breaking drudgery is over!

Now all you have to do is give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Don't do any hard rubbing. Just damp any extra-dirty places first and smooth in a little dry Rinso, before putting the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Then, just 2 minutes at the boil, and they'll be white as snow—and you'll save at least 30 minutes' fuel!

For dazzling coloureds, put the clothes into hand-hot Rinso suds and let them soak for 12 minutes. They'll come out beautifully fresh without any hard rubbing at all!

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> All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
> In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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7 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

First Prize EACH WEEK
A 1939 HILLMAN MINX
4-Door Touring Sunshine Saloon (in Standard colour)

and with each car the winner gets 100 gallons of petrol—Road Tax paid to end of year—Full comprehensive insurance to end of year.

THESE grand prizes are offered to all those who try Outspan Oranges—the pick of the South African Orange crop. Eat them as an after-meal dessert, or as a between-meal refresher. Outspan Oranges give plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and full of juice they are.

Then write a good sentence commencing, "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . ." and add 21 words or less. Write this on an entry form on one side of a piece of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry. Attach six wrappers of Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges to each entry. Post to Outspan Oranges, J.B.H.3, Hinz Dept., 121, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. There are a number of weekly Competitions. Be HURRY! Send in your entries at once.

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Gold, silver and copper coins, valued at over £5,000, have recently been unearthed with the aid of an extraordinary radio set just invented. The July "Armchair Science," now on sale everywhere, tells you all about this amazing invention and how it is being used to locate treasure buried hundreds of feet underground. In simple, non-technical language, "Armchair Science" brings you the latest discoveries of scientists, engineers and explorers. The 100-page July issue contains 28 articles, 42 photographs, diagrams and drawings. Don't miss:—**Will the World End in 1953?; People who Live Backwards; Television Secrets,** etc., etc.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE · 6D.

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THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Humanist says a Few Hours' Thoughtlessness may Wreck a Man's Life

MIDSUMMER MADNESS..

"If she writes to my wife it may break up our home"

SOME of the worst problems in life are created not through wickedness but in moments of weakness or thoughtlessness.

Here is an illustration of what I mean—a letter from a small business man, happily married, and with one child:—

"I have a good wife, a good home, and everything to be desired; but about two years ago I met a young girl and became infatuated with her.

"She has a good position in the South, and she keeps pestering me to go down to see her.

"At first I did not answer her because I had already told her it was impossible to 'carry on.' But she wrote one letter specially asking me to answer, and I foolishly did so.

"I also told her that I did not wish to write again and refrained from answering her other letters.

"Now she says that if I don't write she will forward my last letter to my wife. This is bound to cause trouble, and may even mean the breaking-up of my home.

"There was never anything really wrong between us, except that I thought I loved her. But can I make my wife believe this?

"If I tell the truth, she may take the wrong attitude. I love my home and my little boy, but if my wife sees my letter to this girl I fear she will never forgive me.

"The thing is worrying me and my business is suffering in consequence. What ought I to do?"

One can't help wondering why the girl is threatening the man's happiness.

She has not been "wronged" by him; she knew all along that he was married; and surely she can't wish to thrust herself on a man who has told her he wants nothing more to do with her? She can't have much pride!

Is her motive one of revenge because she feels she has been let down? Is it a sort of blackmail? Is it because she enjoys the satisfaction of feeling that he is in her power? I think it must be that.

BUT what is the man to do about it? If his wife is the sort of woman who understands human weakness and is willing to make allowances, I should advise the husband to tell the whole truth.

There may be a scene and recriminations for an hour or so, but once that is over the man is delivered from all his fears. The girl cannot possibly love him, and he can dismiss her from his mind. Her power over him will be gone.

But if the wife is the type who never forgives or forgets, I am afraid the man will have to go on hoping that the letter will never be sent. He will live in a state of acute anxiety, which will gradually decrease with the passing of time.

And finally, if the girl does send the letter there may be a domestic earthquake. I suggest that the husband should give this copy of JOHN BULL to his wife and let her think it over.

I think she will realise that the whole affair was a foolish episode—"midsummer madness"—and not worth brooding over.

After all, she is but human; her own thoughts may have strayed before this. Who knows? How many of us have the right to throw stones?

Only the very narrow-minded cannot forgive a lapse of this sort.

ANOTHER man has fallen into the clutches of a dangerous harpy, and here again the real explanation is thoughtlessness and inexperience. Here are extracts from his letter:—

"About ten weeks ago, I was invited by a girl employed in the same office to join a family party and to travel by car. I did not know much about her, but thinking there would be no harm in it I went.

"After this I continued to take her out. We both had money, and by some means or other, how I cannot clearly think, I became involved in buying a half-share in a car which we have had about five weeks.

"I now realise what a fool I have been. The girl is a most headstrong, self-willed, domineering, cruel person who will stop at nothing to get her own ends served.

"She immediately began to talk of being madly in love and told people that we were 'officially engaged' before I had mentioned the subject.

"She is always demanding to be kissed at the most impossible times. She will not leave me alone. The whole thing is getting the better of me.

"I simply can't go on like this. I am becoming morose and moody—a state of affairs which is entirely foreign to my nature.

"She monopolises every spare moment, and if I do not go to see her she comes to my home. I almost have to eject her from the premises. When I go to her house, I can never get away before the early hours of the morning, and she is continually hanging about my desk in the office."

This story is not so innocent as the first. The man eventually succumbed to continual temptation and the girl is now talking about the birth of a child. He proceeds:—

"I know that, come what may, I cannot marry a woman with whom I should be ashamed to be seen. She has thrown herself at every man she has met, married or single. But how can I clear myself of the entanglement?"

IT was unfortunate that the man became compromised before he heard the stories of the girl's previous record. Now he is hearing things every day—stories of marriages she has wrecked, for example.

The writer of the letter appears to be only one of a number of victims.

What should he do? Some people would say that it is his duty to marry, but I am certain such a marriage would be a tremendous mistake.

He has never loved her: in fact, it is pretty clear that he hates the sight of her. He feels that she has "trapped" him.

Of course, if he has fathered a child—there is an "if" about it—he will have to pay maintenance; but there is no case for an action for breach of promise because the man never hinted at marriage.

I am afraid his reputation as a respectable young man has already slumped and his position on the firm is seriously jeopardised.

One of the harsh facts of life is that one has to pay just as heavily for weakness and foolishness as for deliberate and calculated wickedness. The victim often suffers more because he is more sensitive.

It is best to "face the music" and know the worst. I am hoping the man will write to tell what he eventually did.

* * *

My next letter deals with a very different sort of problem:—

"My worry is my wife. . . . The little bit of work she does is finished at mid-day and from then she is free for the rest of the day.

"Having been off work for nine months through tubercular trouble, I think I am entitled to a little of my wife's company. However, she seems to find more pleasure in rushing off to someone else's house and taking their baby out.

"I am never sure of her coming home to get my meals ready. This nursing business occurs every day. If I ask her to go out with me, she says she is going down for the baby.

"If I say it is unfair she starts such a row as you never heard!

"I would not mind this so much, but it involves everybody in the house and upsets them so much that I am told I must find other lodgings."

The writer wants to know what he can do about it, and signs his letter "Perplexed."

I think it is one of the most pathetic problems I have had for some time. It is clear to me that the woman's temper is caused through her having no child of her own.

Her maternal instinct is very strong; she feels that life is cheating her of her right.

But since the husband is suffering from tubercular trouble the rearing of a small family seems hardly advisable. It would be better to adopt a baby instead. The wife would be thoroughly happy looking after an adopted child.

In the meantime, if the wife steadfastly refuses to go about with him, he should find some men friends. That ought to be simple enough.

The worst thing he can do is to sit at home and mope in solitude.

He must create his own amusements until he is strong enough to start work again.

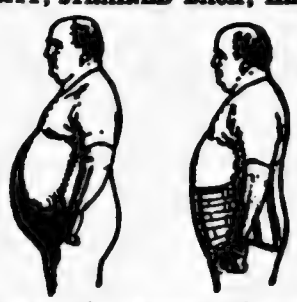
He should be out of doors as much as possible and fling all worries to the four winds.

As for the rows with his wife, it is so much easier to forgive when one understands.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

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EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25693
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LEEDS: 3, Bond St., 1. Leeds 26584

CROSSWORD No. 164.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 26 is presented the 164th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Dr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 17, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly SLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 58, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

FREE! BOOKLET ABOUT SKIN DISORDERS

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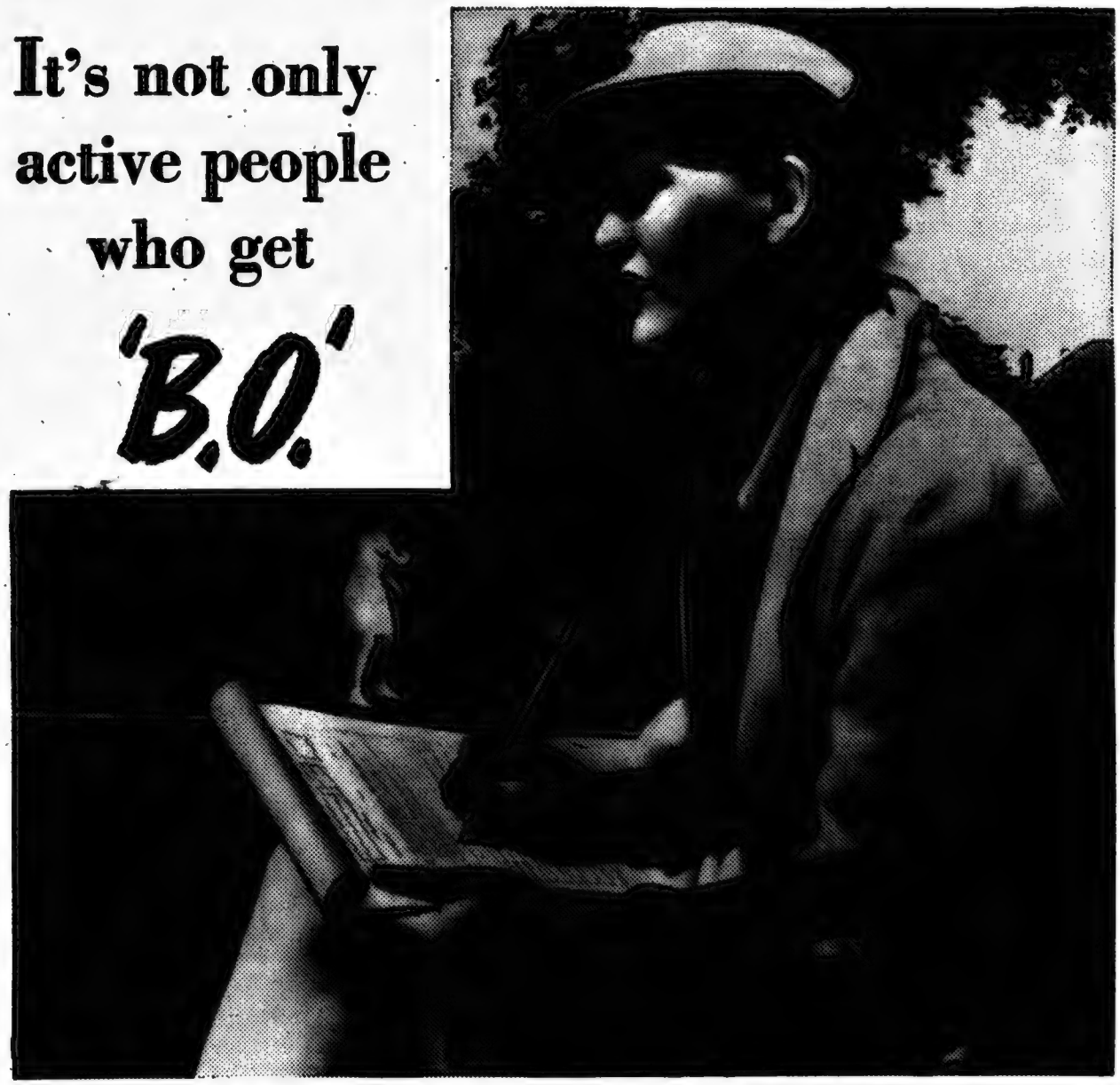
Find Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Basic Shampoo

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'



It's pleasant to be the umpire, sitting comfortably on a high perch, watching the perspiring players as they rush and leap about the court. Yet, although she's so still, the umpire perspires too!

Medical authorities tell us that we all give off as much as a pint and a half of perspiration every day. That in itself is not unpleasant — it's just a simple scientific fact. But perspiration CAN be unpleasant if you allow that part of it which doesn't evaporate to go stale in the skin pores. That's when 'B.O.' starts. So do be sure to take a regular bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Its invigorating lather penetrates deep into the pores, dealing with all waste matter and stale perspiration and leaving you gloriously refreshed.

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly and KNOW you're safe from 'B.O.'

About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour, in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

"B.O." *prevents* "B.O." *(body-odour)*

A *LEVER* PRODUCT LBT 429-304-GB

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British outfitting Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

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Mrs. A. Sarel, c/o Officer's Mess, R.A.F., Lympne, Kent, sent us this story of the most thrilling adventure of her life. Can you beat it? We pay £5-5-0 for each story we publish, provided the facts are true. Write on one side of the paper only—not more than 1,200 words—and send us *your* story together with a stamped envelope.

Thank You, Johnnie!

"She was crouching behind me... The room began to swim round and I found myself becoming dizzy..."

I HAD seen that green car several times in Cairo. It was of French make, smart and powerful, but the owner was a young Egyptian.

He was good-looking, immaculately attired in European dress. And his car seemed to loiter when it came in my direction. I guessed he was seeking an excuse to speak, but I was never alone. Either I accompanied my aunt, with whom I was staying, or other friends.

Not that I minded being admired. I was only nineteen at the time and the gaiety of Cairo intoxicated me. Life was one round of social fun, races, dances, and—merry flirtations.

One evening we were seated on the terrace of our hotel sipping cool drinks and watching the life of the city as it swirled by in cars and carriages.

Suddenly the conversation turned on a pretty French girl stopping in our hotel who had disappeared for some days.

"The general opinion is that she has eloped," said somebody.

"What do you think, Mr. Rogers?" asked my aunt turning to a young police officer in the party.

"I think she has probably been kidnapped," he replied, as he sipped his cocktail. "Two or three young women have vanished mysteriously lately."

"Oh!" said my aunt, "Kidnapped?"

"We suspect a gang who lure girls into cars and whisk them away into harems where they are difficult to trace."

She turned to me.

"You hear that, Berenice? Do be careful not to speak to any strangers, won't you?"

I remembered the Egyptian and the green car, but I said nothing.

The next day I missed my friends and walked the short way home from the Gezira Club alone. Darkness was rapidly falling as the sun sank across the Libyan desert. The road was empty when suddenly the green car glided up behind me and the Egyptian sprang out.

"Excuse me, Miss," he began, speaking good English, "Are you by chance Miss ——," mentioning a name I did not know.

I shook my head and walked on.

"Pardon," he continued. He stood in front of me and blocked the way. "I admire you very much. May I have the honour to drive you to your hotel?"

"No thank you," I replied coldly, "I do not speak to strangers."

In a flash he seized my arm and tried to force me into his car. I began to struggle, and getting one arm free, hit him in the face with my sunshade.

What would have happened next I do not know, but at this moment two Europeans appeared round a corner and without another word the Egyptian drove hurriedly away.

Although I was upset, I determined not to tell my aunt, as she would certainly have insisted on chaperoning me strictly.

NOT long after I was taken to a dance at a well-known hotel by a young officer I will call Johnnie. It was a jolly affair and Mr. Rogers was in our party.

Half-way through the evening I strolled into the lounge and was astonished to see the Egyptian who had tried to kidnap me seated at a table sipping coffee.

He gave no sign of recognition, but I felt his eyes were on me all the time and presently, when Rogers joined us, I told them about the previous incident. Johnnie was furious.

"Have the chap thrown out, Rogers," he suggested.

"No, no, please don't," I begged. "It would create a scene."

"You're right," agreed Mr. Rogers. He seemed to treat the matter lightly.

When I last saw the Egyptian he was talking to the old crony who looked after the ladies' cloakroom, and I thought I saw them glance in my direction.

The hour whiled away and Johnnie and I had forgotten all about my Egyptian admirer. It was time to go home, for most of the dancers had left before us.

Asking Johnnie to wait a few minutes, I went to the cloakroom to repair a shoulder-strap that had snapped.

It was empty except for the wrinkled old native woman I had seen talking to the Egyptian. She grinned at me as I picked up a needle and cotton and began to sew.

I sensed her hovering about me, but took no notice until suddenly she seized my wrist and I felt the sharp prick of a hypodermic needle on my arm.

I gave a short scream, swung round, and threw her hand away. She was crouching behind me and muttering under her breath.

THE room began to swim round and I found myself becoming dizzy and faint. I remember I called out to Johnnie, but that was all.

When I came to I was in the fresh air being driven rapidly in a car, and as I collected my senses I saw that I was sitting propped up by the side of the Egyptian. I gazed at him panic-stricken and opened my mouth to scream. He put a hand across my face.

"If you make a sound I shall kill you!" he said. "I shall stab you to the heart!"

What was I to do? The brute had me at his mercy! I thought of the French girl.

He swung rapidly round corners. Already the houses were thinning. Every moment seemed like eternity. It was a moonless night and he had no headlights. Evidently he knew the road well.

Then I saw a flicker of lights from behind. A car was following us. Closer and closer it crept and nearer came the glare of its headlights.

By now I saw that we were taking the desert road and were tearing over it at breakneck speed. But the Egyptian could not shake off the pursuers.

ONCE or twice he glanced round at the car behind, and this gave me my opportunity. The next time he turned I grabbed the steering handle and swung the car off the road into the sandy desert. We bumped on for a few yards, the wheels clogged, and a moment later the other car had pulled up beside us.

"Berenice!" It was Johnnie's voice.

I found myself laughing hysterically in his arms. Two policemen, one of whom I recognised as Rogers, dashed into the darkness after the Egyptian. Johnnie followed.

The old witch, it afterwards appeared, had injected me with hashish and they carried me out of a back entrance to the waiting green car.

I'd had a close shave. There was no doubt at all that the immaculate Egyptian planned to sell me into a native harem.

But somehow I felt a little bit sorry for him. I saw him, you see, when they brought him back to the car.

He was far from immaculate. He could not look straight and he was whimpering. Johnnie, on the other hand, seemed pleased with himself.

I'm afraid he had rather taken the law into his own hands.

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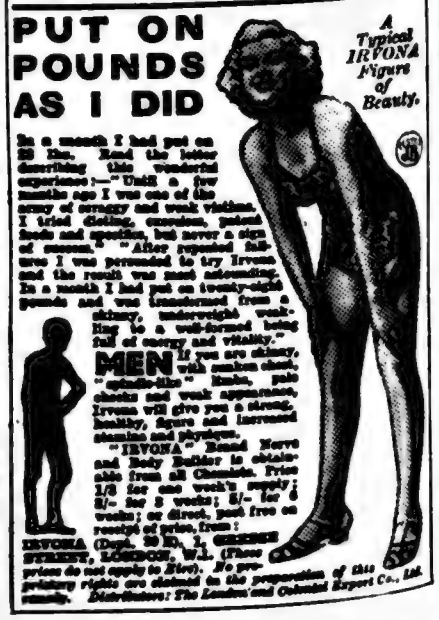

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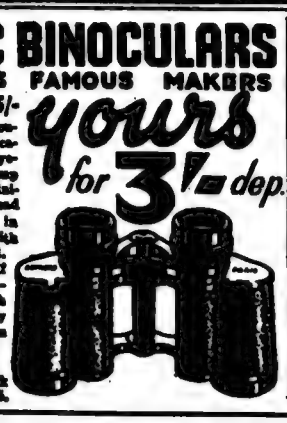

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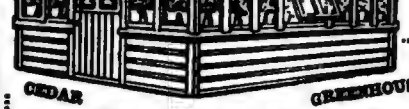

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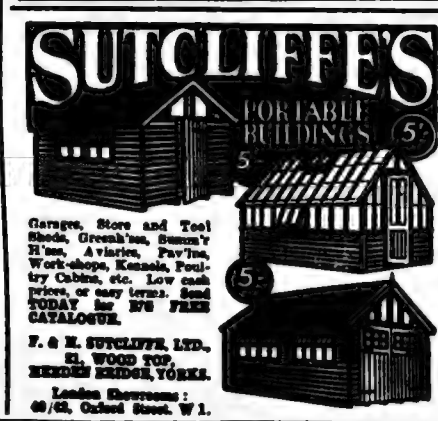

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With a queer sideway movement Charlie flicked the dart . .

FURS and FEATHERS

. . as P.C. Martin's red face and blue uniform appeared at the door

"SEVEN and double two, Charlie," sang out Hector Tomlin, who had the chalks.

Charlie Ferny poised a dart for half a second on the level of his nose; then, with a queer flick of his wrist, sped it on its way.

Plock! Seven—right in the middle.

With a shade more care, the innkeeper sighted the tiny rectangle of wire that would give him victory, with Jimmie Barton, over Jem Turvy and Hoppy Tunnicliffe.

The dart twanged off the wire and Old Sam Tafter, his eyes screwed up to focus the board through the tobacco haze, said it was dommed hard luck.

Unmoved, Charlie flicked his wrist with that odd sideways movement . . . and the dart's point buried itself in the double two.

There was a murmur of approval as Charlie, having pulled the darts from the board, retired behind his counter to fill up the tankards that had been emptied during the game.

Then he rested his bare elbows on the bar and, pulling at his squat old briar, turned a mellow eye on his friends and customers.

This was, to Charlie, the "Fox By The Hill" at its best—a tidy number of the lads there; not too many to make it uncomfortable; a good log fire in the open hearth; the darts flying merrily; the click-click of shove-halfpennies over by the window; and the warm light of the oil lamp above his head glinting and winking on the burnished copper measures and pewter tankards.

And the smell of it! The rich, complex odour of shag-smoke and seasoned wood and good ale and burning elm logs and rain-wet sheepdogs.

Charlie, feeling that all was right with his little world, drew himself another pint of old-and-mild.

It was like looking at a picture on a wall, he thought.

IF you'd seen it all your life, you thought nothing of it, but if you'd spent the first forty years of your life looking at squalid blank walls in Bermondsey—well, then you could rest your chin in your hands and go on looking at such a picture and never want to see anything else.

Suddenly an alien sound cut into his thoughts.

The low burble of a petrol engine. Outside in front—no, in the yard at the side of the inn.

It faded out, and the bar door was flung inwards a few seconds later to admit three men.

Before they spoke Charlie knew they were strangers—strangers to Neston Magna, but not entirely strangers to him.

They were Londoners; he assessed them as such on sight, and when one of them slipped half-a-crown on the counter and asked for three pints he knew that the men came from some mean street near the Elephant.

Charlie found himself resenting the three strangers as he served them. They had an air of truculent contempt for the inn and all who were in it.

They spread themselves along the little bar. They sneered at the dart players. They spoke slightingly of the beer. And then they thrust their way through the regulars to the fire.

In short, they took possession.

Charlie frowned. Somehow the trio reminded him, with their assertive confidence, of broker's men.

One was tall, and as lean as a lamp-post; from beneath a cloth cap, bright red hair flamed in the lamp-light.

The dead, discoloured stump of a clumsily rolled cigarette stuck to his lower lip, and he had unpleasant pale-blue eyes that fixed upon nothing for more than a second.

Talking to him in an undertone that oozed out of the side of his mouth was a thick-set man whose eyes glinted between half-closed lids, and whose face was twisted into a permanent leer.

But it was the third of the trio who fixed Charlie's gaze.

A lively sparrow of a man who laughed too easily and was for ever glancing at the door over his rounded shoulder.

Charlie's thumbnail slowly rasped the stubble of his chin. There was something familiar about this chirping sparrow.

He had seen him before. A long time ago. Must have been in his London days.

That quick, shaky sort of laugh and those little black eyes, close-set as a pair of cherries!

Ah, now he had it! Tinkle Bell. Of course it was!

Nobody else laughed just like that. But what was the little rat doing down in Neston?

His hunting-ground was the dockside alleyways and low pubs of Rotherhithe; there he picked up a doubtful living by every type of petty crime from pocket slitting to small-scale blackmail.

Charlie wondered. No honest day's work would bring Tinkle so far from his rat-runs.

Ginger had turned his attention now to the dart game. He was conducting something of a running commentary, grossly unflattering to the players.

Jimmie Barton was not over-sensitive, but he took his darts seriously. He glowered, and his aim grew wild.

"Call yerself a dart-frower?" asked Redhead. "Why, me an' Granddad 'ere"—he clapped Sam Tafter on the back just as that worthy was draining his tankard, and the old man choked—"me an' Granddad 'd take you two on wiv our eyes shut and one arm be'ind our backs and whitewash yer!"

Tinkle Bell giggled, and Charlie's indignation mounted.

He felt the time had come to make a stand for the rights of the "regulars."

Slowly he made his way round the bar and tapped the red-headed man on the shoulder.

"If yer want a game o' darts," he said, "yer welcome to the board. But I must ask yer not to interfere with the man on the mark."

Three pairs of eyes fixed him for a moment before Redhead answered, and there was a note of surprise in the man's voice when he spoke.

"*You* ain't no 'ayseed," he said. "I bet you know what the Walworth Road looks like of a Sat'day night!"

"Mebbe I do," replied Charlie, evenly. "An' I might return the compliment. But these is civilised parts, p'raps a deal more civilised than the Walworth Road. It'd be just as well if you remembered that."

AN ugly look came into Redhead's eyes, and he spat his cigarette stub into the fire.

"Gettin' awkward, eh?" he said, thrusting his face towards the innkeeper. "We got as much right in 'ere as anybody else, an' you know it."

Tinkle edged a little nearer the red-haired man, looked up at Charlie, and said: "We're bony-fidy travellers, we are, an' you gotta serve us."

This unnecessary invocation of the law, coming from such a one as Tinkle Bell, served to increase the innkeeper's suspicion of the trio. He carefully baited his next remark.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll serve you, but I shouldn't take too much aboard if you gotta drive back to London to-night."

Tinkle fell for it. "Back to London! Not ruddy likely!"

"You keep your mouth shut, Tinkle," snapped the man with red hair.

Then he turned, truculently, to the innkeeper. "It's none o' your perishin' business," he said, "but if yer really wants to know, we're runnin' a van back empty to Bristol."

CHARLIE grinned affably and without another word retired to the bar.

Tinkle and his friends again became audibly critical of the darts-players; only old Sam, who missed practically nothing of what went on around him, observed the innkeeper's quiet exit.

Charlie paused for a moment when he got outside, to allow his eyes to accustom themselves to the dark of the yard.

The only light was a yellow glimmer that came from the side-lamps of the van drawn up close to the wall.

Picking his way carefully past its black bulk, the innkeeper found that the rear doors were, as he half-expected, securely locked.

Then he looked down towards the red glint of the tail-lamp. He saw that the white glass side window of the lamp was coated with some dark substance, so that little light escaped to illumine the rear number plate.

And, stooping, he saw that the plate, too, had been obscured with what appeared to be axle-grease.

Charlie picked his way round to the front of the van and climbed into the driver's cabin.

He took a small flash-lamp from his pocket, but the thin beam revealed nothing more suspicious than a formidable-looking jack-handle on the seat.

But when he drew back the little hatch in the back of the cabin and turned a pencil light into the darkness of the van's interior, he realised that he had not been wrong in supposing that only a bit of dirty work would have lured Tinkle Bell into the clean air of the countryside.

A few minutes later, young Tim Ferny, summoned not unwillingly from his homework, was trotting down the dark village street, in his hand a note addressed to P.C. Samuel Martin.

Back in the bar of the "Fox By The Hill," Charlie kept one eye on his visitors and the other on the clock.

Threequarters of an hour at least, he told himself; more likely an hour.

Tinkle, Red-Head, and the man with a leer had lost interest in the game, and were talking in undertones, but Charlie, engaged on the endless business of collecting empties, caught a snatch of what was said.

"Push orf soon. Mustn't keep O'Brien waiting or 'e'll think we bin knocked orf."

Charlie, hoping that O'Brien (whoever he was) would be kept waiting a long time, went into action. The regulars, silent in their resentment still, were astonished to hear him invite the three of them to have

(Continued on page 32)

Another Charlie Ferny Story

Once again the Cockney landlord of the Fox By The Hill, in Neston Magna, scores a Double Top

by David Adam

Regain YOUTH and VITALITY

By taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast your Health and Strength can safely and surely be restored. The treatment brings a marvellous transformation, but to get full benefit, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast should be taken regularly. You'll soon feel a different man or woman, and if you suffer from Indigestion, "Nerves," Rheumatism or Neuritis, these troubles will soon disappear . . . By taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, men and women become TWICE AS FIT and feel YEARS YOUNGER.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains the whole series of the life-giving B-Vitamins in rich abundance. Besides increasing the Nutritive Value of your food, these Vitamins stimulate Glandular activity in Nature's Own Way. PHILLIPS is perfectly safe for all ages and *not habit-forming*...In small, handy Tablets.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- Vest-pocket size . . 6d.

Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST

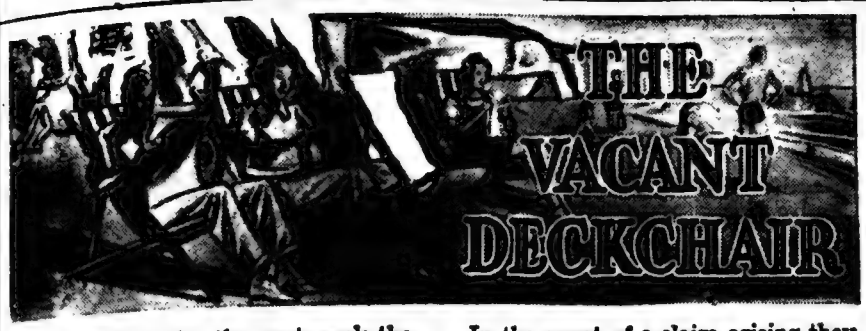
PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.



EVERY DAY for the past week the family had occupied four deckchairs, but on this particular day one chair was vacant. There was a settled gloom on the party.

"Only three to-day," said the deckchair man as he punched the tickets.

"Only three," quietly replied the man occupying one of the chairs. His wife and daughter sitting with him were silent.

Behind these commonplace remarks is a chapter of incidents that can happen to anyone. The family enjoying their fortnight's seaside holiday had taken a walk along the promenade when their seven-year-old son had fallen over the edge to the shingle below. The lad was hurried to hospital with a broken leg.

In addition to anxiety, there is the problem of meeting the expenses of the accident out of the money that has been so carefully saved for the holiday.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT HELP

At such a time, how welcome is the prompt practical assistance of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift!

Registered readers of "John Bull" can enjoy a carefree holiday in the knowledge that Benefits are extended during the period while they are away from home.

Benefits include those for accidents while boating and bathing, children's accidents, accidents on the sports fields and accidents in the home, which, under our special holiday concession, includes the house or hotel at which you are staying.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HOME

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers of "John Bull" will continue to enjoy the full protection of our Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles.

In the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they bought "John Bull" while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery on their return.

£413 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £413 0s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits	£162 10 3
Accident Benefits—Adults	£106 10 0
Children's Accidents	£144 0 0
	£413 0 3

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID

This Great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £650,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—that figure represents a world record in weekly journal Free Family Insurance.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Family Insurance Gift could possibly be forthcoming. Think what this practical assistance must have meant to tens of thousands of readers in their darkest hours.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY

"John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides a shield of security for home and family that is second to none. This great security gift is absolutely unique. The breadwinner, his wife, his children and all those precious possessions that mean home are given protection that makes for a happy home life, free of doubt and anxiety.

To enjoy the great feeling of security which "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift inspires is to be able to face the future confidently, enjoy life as it comes without fear of what may be round the corner—and to think that this is possible simply by using the Registration Forms which appear below! The relief that will be felt as soon as these Registration Forms have been utilised will be tremendous. The knowledge that there is an assured helping hand for you in times of misfortune is something that is beyond all price. Remember, "John Bull's" Great Family Insurance Gift is *free!*

REGISTER NOW for this great Security Gift. Use Forms below TO-DAY!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 29/7/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/7/39.

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

APPETISING & NOURISHING FOR PICNICS AND RAMBLES

SUN HEADACHES ENDED FOR 2D

DOES Summer cause YOU suffering? Do you get nasty Headaches at the least exertion? Does Glare make your eyes ACHE? *Beechams Powders* are what you need! Quicker-acting and more certain in results, they bring Relief at a price which YOU can afford. PAIN vanishes, that Heavy, Headachy, PLAYED-OUT feeling is changed to Brightness! *Beechams Powders* cost only 2d each but they ACT LIKE MAGIC! Also wonderful for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NERVE PAINS, Summer COLDS and CHILLS.

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3—Single Powders 2d each. Sold Everywhere. Not Laxative. A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC

BEECHAMS POWDERS

BRAND

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

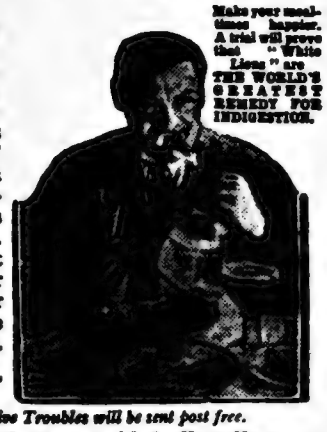
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,077)**. Popularly known as "White Lions." Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send at once for "White Lions." They give prompt relief.

Price **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions), with directions.



Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

WARM WEATHER HEART WEAKNESS

Don't Risk a Collapse

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this! Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Send at once for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632.

Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

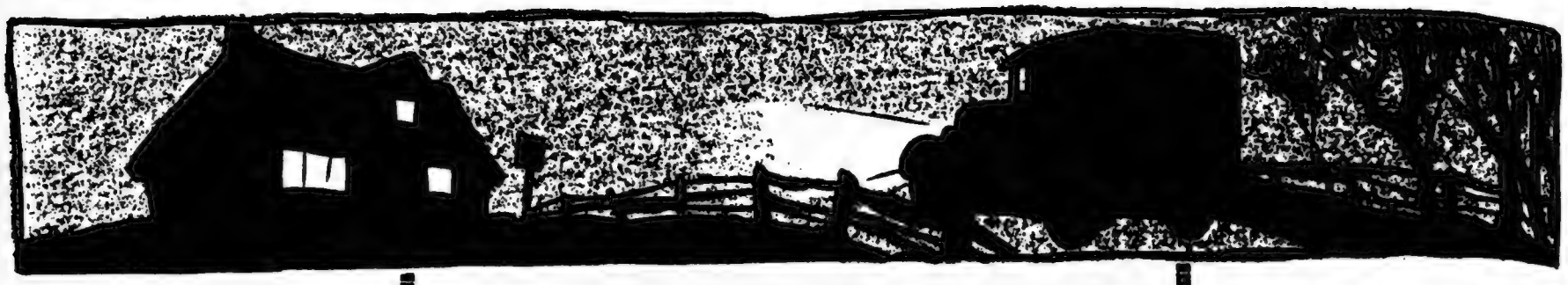
THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC

Send for these prescriptions privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE Ltd.

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

Dept. J.B. 118, 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4



Continuing Short Story:

Furs and Feathers

Next week Charlie Ferny tackles the ghost of Neston Magna. There's an eerie adventure in the church tower at night, and the result is that two sworn enemies become firm friends

a drink on the house. No less surprised, and at first a shade suspicious, Tinkle and his friends could not help but accept the peace-offering; nor, in the face of such hospitality, could they very well side-step the challenge that followed.

"You don't seem to think very 'ighly of our dart-chuckers," said the innkeeper, suavely. "Wot abaht showin' us 'ow to play?"

Redhead shot a quick glance at Charlie, then at the clock. "Sorry, mate," he said. "We gotta get on the road again."

But Charlie was not to be put off. Tinkle found a set of darts in his fist, while a firm hand gently impelled him towards the mark.

"Me an' our 'Ector 'ere 'll take on any two o' yer. Five 'undred an' one up, best o' three games, and losers to stand a pint. P'raps you'll take the chalks, sir?"

There was no "perhaps" about it; the man with a leer was holding the chalk before Charlie had finished speaking.

It was a strange match from the start. Sam Tafter and one or two others who knew the innkeeper's skill could see that he was playing, for some reason, a deeper game than darts.

Tinkle threw with more vigour than precision and Redhead was, by Neston standards, only a lukewarm player. Neither came near Charlie's class.

Yet the innkeeper's hand seemed bewitched.

Whenever the inexpert Hector Tomlin managed to establish a lead, Charlie failed to hold it. His darts were always close to the wire, but more often than not on the wrong side of it.

Right up to the end of the first game, the scores marched slowly side by side, with never more than a dozen points to choose between them.

Finally, left with an easy finish, Charlie threw wide, and Redhead's first dart was a winner.

The second game was much the same, the score creeping upwards until, with a flash of something like his normal brilliance, Charlie snatched victory with a neat sixty.

Then, with honours even, the innkeeper insisted on drinks all round before the final game.

* * *

And he seemed, to those who were accustomed to brisk service, to be taking his time about it.

Old Sam grunted irritably into his tankard. It was a long time since anything had puzzled him like this.

Place full of mannerless Cockneys, and Charlie Ferny putting himself out to keep 'em there, by the look o' things.

In the middle of the last game, Charlie carefully repointed his darts on a sheet of sandpaper, and Redhead was moved to growl that time was getting on.

At length Tinkle stood on the mark with only the double seven to get. His dart was poised when he suddenly stiffened and turned his black little eyes from the board to the door.

Redhead had heard it too—the throb of a car engine.

He was near the window, and he glanced out over the frosted glass of the lower sash. He saw the last thing in the world that he wanted to see—a slim, dark saloon, out of which was climbing a man with a cap that might have been a chauffeur's, but for the silver badge it bore.

"Cops!" he spat the word towards the other two, and jerked his head like a cornered rat, looking for a quick way out.

But the only other door was at the back of the bar. And in front of the bar, lowering the flap behind his back, was the stocky form of Charlie Ferny.

There was a strange and sudden silence in the "Fox."

Tinkle and the man with a leer slid between the tables towards the door, but Redhead waved them behind him with his left hand.

On the other hand, Charlie saw the flash of brass. And as the latch of the door was lifted, so was Redhead's right fist.

Charlie caught a glimpse of P.C. Martin's red face and blue uniform as the door opened; then, with a queer sideways movement, he flicked the dart he held.

Redhead's pale profile, against the dark lintel of the door, was an easier mark than the treble twenty, and the dart flew truly.

The feathered flights brushed his lean nose, the point buried itself in the door-post, and the split second in which he started and faltered was Samuel Martin's salvation.

The knuckle-duster flashed wildly past the constable's ear, and then a great ham of a fist cracked against a ruddy-stubbled chin.

All was movement and noise in the little bar that had been so still. But not for long.

The Nestonites might have handled the situation without the help of the three flat-capped mobile policemen.

In a few seconds Hector Tomlin was sitting happily on the head of the man with a leer, while Jimmie Barton pinned his ankles between the legs of a stool. And Tinkle, whimpering profanities, hacked vainly at the shins of Charlie, who held him in strong arms.

* * *

A key, yielded up with ill grace by Tinkle Bell, opened the double doors of the van, and a little group of villagers treated their eyes to the sight of more wealth than they had ever seen before.

Wealth in sleek, shining furs.

Silver fox and skunk and ermine, hanging in great bundles and stacked in untidy bales on the floor of the van!

A vision of opulence that vanished when P.C. Martin snapped off his torch and turned to the innkeeper with a grin.

"Well, Charlie," he said. "I thought you was a-pullin' my leg when young Tim brought that note.

"But when I rung through to Mulchester, they knew all about them furs bein' pinched, an' sent the car over—on account, they says, of it bein' a bit of a desperate gang, or summat."

"They don't look so desperate now," said Charlie, with a glance towards the police car, in which three pale faces showed above the glint of handcuffs.

As the car drove off, P.C. Martin gave the innkeeper a portentous wink.

"I wouldn't fall down dead wi' surprise," he said, "if I saw Mrs. Ferny a-doin' 'er shoppin' in a nice new fur coat, after to-night!"

Variety is Spice of this "Pie"

Reginald Arkell, the well-known humourist, who will broadcast a seaside talk in the Regional Programmes on Thursday and Friday next week, is one of the distinguished contributors to *Summer Pie*.

In this sparkling 100-page holiday annual Noel Coward, Agatha Christie, Sydney Horler, Christine Jope-Slade, and P. C. Wren are among those who have written long complete stories. There are dozens of lively joke drawings by noted artists as well. There's real variety for you!

All profits from *Summer Pie* will go to charity, so you'll be doing others a good turn as well as yourself by buying a copy.

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Illustrated

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Race with "Silver Ring"

Where are they Now?

A READER writes: "One of the first winners I ever backed was The Yellow Dwarf for the Victoria Cup in, I think, 1922. Could you let me know who trained him, and I should be very interested if you could tell me what happened to the horse."

This enquiry is typical of many I receive, and which tend to show the keen interest, amounting almost to sense of proprietorship, that punters show in the horses which carry their modest stakes.

The Yellow Dwarf, which was trained by "Atty" Persse for Sir Hedworth Meux, was exported to Italy in 1929. He has sired many good winners in that country.

We were talking a few days ago of handsome horses, and someone mentioned old Jugo, one of the best-lookers I can remember, even though he was tubed. The old fellow, who had an Imperial Cup and a Great Met. among his successes, is at stud in South Africa.

* * *

Many of us remember with gratitude the useful handicapper, Priory Park. He is in Japan, along with the 1933 Cambridgeshire winner, Raymond. Those who attended the early meetings at Chepstow will recall Shian Mor, which Basil Jarvis used to train. This horse also is at stud in Japan.

The best stallion in Hungary is the 1930 Cesarewitch winner, Ut Majeur.

There are any amount of our old favourites established in the big studs in Kentucky, U.S.A. To name but a few of them and some of the big races they won—Blenheim, 1930 Derby winner; Sir Andrew (Newmarket Stakes); Jacopo, the crack two-year-old of 1930; Alcazar (Ebor Handicap); Boswell (St. Leger and Eclipse); Foray, our best two-year-old in 1936; Flares (Ascot Gold Cup); St. Germans (Doncaster and Coronation Cups); Sickle (Liverpool Cup). The list could be extended indefinitely.

* * *

To quote from the official German journal, "Bloodstock Breeding" published in Munich: "The English thoroughbred has extended its victorious career over the entire world. It not only rules the world's tracks, but has gained decisive and enviable influence in all light horse breeding."

What better testimonial could be desired?

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 27, to Wednesday, August 2:—

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

K94V9498AO would read SERENOA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O96293JO would read ATTICA

EVERY OFFER INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

Money making opportunities for CLUB AGENTS

Add to— YOUR INCOME THROUGH THE LEADING CLUBS

Who wants to make EASY MONEY?

Few are lucky enough to get money for nothing . . . but here is the nearest thing to it. Sell us your spare time! Just by visiting your friends and showing our beautiful book of Christmas Cards and Calendars you can pick up pounds and pounds between now and Christmas. You need no experience and you require no capital. Send coupon now for full particulars and handsome sample book. There is no obligation.

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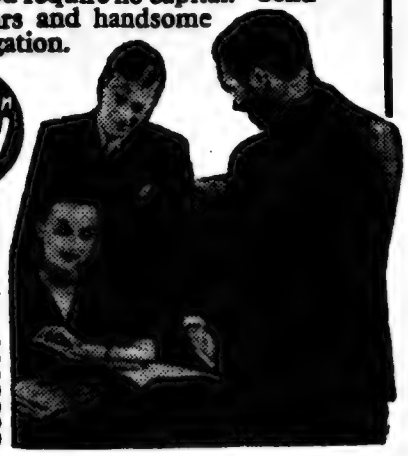

COUPON

To J. RENSHAW & SON, LTD., Dept. IA., Climax Works, Accrington.

Please send me Private Christmas Card Sample Book and particulars of commission terms and prizes.

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START YOUR DRIVER'S CLUB RIGHT AWAY.

Become a Xmas Club Agent for Drivers . . . send for our new Catalogue NOW. It brings you ABSOLUTELY FREE a fine Triple-Action Pencil and the opportunity to earn £5 to £15 easily in your spare time. Crammed full of bargains in Household and Fancy Goods, Toys, Chocolates, Cigarettes, etc., this superbly illustrated book will get you members by the score. Generous commission paid.

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Post Coupon to-day. The sooner you start your Club, the more money you will make. ACT NOW!

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FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY.
Please send me Catalogue and FREE Pencil without obligation on my part.
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SAMUEL DRIVER LTD. WORLD'S LARGEST XMAS CLUB
MARSHALL ST. LEEDS

Jessie Matthews recommends WORLDWIDE CLUBS!

Read what Jessie Matthews, the Star of the New Musical Comedy "I Can Take It," says about "Worldwide" Clubs.

You will find it easy and pleasant to make extra money the "Worldwide" Way. Everyone you know will be glad to join your Club, and all you do is post the weekly order to us. We do the rest—dispatch the goods direct to your members, carriage paid and packing free, and guarantee to give complete satisfaction. For your services we pay you a generous commission and profit-share. Your friends receive goods of the finest value by return at a saving of up to 5/- in the £ on their purchases. You need no capital or experience. Everything you need—catalogue and stationery is provided free of charge.

"Worldwide" Clubs have a background of over 60 years' experience and reputation in selling by post. British to the backbone—you can rely on "Worldwide" and their "Satisfy the Customer" guarantee. It is your assurance of absolute satisfaction.

Fill in and post the coupon NOW for full details of this profitable hobby which takes only a few minutes' spare time each week. You are sure of at least £2 and can make up to £5 and more.

Associated Warehouses:
J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., LTD.,
Established 1875.

Dear Mr. Williams!

I am certainly pleased to recommend "Worldwide" Clubs - your values are amazing and your system of trading a real benefit to people with limited incomes.

Your organisers can certainly be proud of their firm, sixty-four years established - over 4,000,000 parcels each year - a definite guarantee of satisfaction, and personal service to each and every order and enquiry.

No wonder your organisers are "Evergreen" and your clubs one happy family of "Good Companions".

Yours very sincerely,
July 11th. 1939.

Jessie Matthews

To **WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,** Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money For You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

J.B. 54. .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

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The finest Private Christmas Card Book for money making Agents.

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Specialising in modern and attractive Greeting Cards and Calendars that sell on sight—The designs will attract and the prices will "clinch" your orders.

FREE SAMPLE BOOK, TOP-RATE COMMISSION & LOVELY GIFTS

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MONEY TALKS

You can make plenty of money in your spare time by selling our beautiful privately printed Christmas cards among your friends. You need no experience and no capital. Substantial commission and many handsome prizes in addition. Send to-day for full particulars and luxurious sample book. There is something for everybody. Cash in now . . . it's easy. Write to-day to:

G. DENTON & CO. LTD., Dept. 24a, ACCRINGTON.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Who doesn't? You can have it easily, simply by selling our beautiful private Christmas cards among your friends in your spare time. Send to-day for handsome sample book and full particulars of generous commission and handsome extra prizes. Everything is supplied free and you need no experience. *Send now, to:*

FIRTH GRAHAM & CO. LTD., Dept. 53a, Corporation Street, Accrington.

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Standard Makes: Cadbury's, Rowntrees, Fry's, Terry's, etc.
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Every standard make of Chocolates, Confectionery, Cigarettes, and hundreds of Household, Personal, Novelty and Toy Lines.

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BUMPER CASH PRIZES
MAGNIFICENT ART CATALOGUE AND TERMS FREE FOR P.C.

MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY,
(Dept. B43) SHIPLEY

You can run a SIXIT CLUB IN YOUR OWN FAMILY IN 6 WEEKS

COMMISSION IN 6 WEEKS

Only Six Members required to make up a SIXIT CLUB. Think how easily you could get such a small number! In six weeks everyone will have received his (or her) goods, and on every club you will receive an exceptionally high Percentage commission. The SIXIT is the easiest and most attractive club agency! Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, etc. Quality guaranteed. Catalogue shows a wonderful variety of goods. COMMISSION EVERY SIX WEEKS!

Send this Coupon NOW for My Catalogue; It's FREE!

To GEO. DAY, Ltd., 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester, 1.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)
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(G.D.857).....
Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.

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are advised to mention "JOHN BULL" and to give name and full postal address when replying. This will avoid delay and misdirection.

Poisoners Dread This Expert Witness. On His Experiments Their Lives May Depend.

The Amazing Dr. Lynch

Home Office analyst and leading poison expert, Dr. Roche Lynch tracks down killers in his laboratory

HE is slight, mild-mannered and bespectacled. You might mistake him for a lawyer or perhaps an accountant. You would need very unusual penetration to discover in that quiet person one of the greatest investigators of our day. . . .

For twelve years now, Dr. Roche Lynch, Home Office analyst, has collaborated with Scotland Yard. Local authorities, too, can ask for his assistance at any time, and his duties take him to every part of the country.

He rivals Sir Bernard Spilsbury for first place amongst our expert witnesses, but he specialises in another branch . . . poisons.

When Mrs. Major was charged with poisoning her husband in 1934, it was the evidence of Dr. Lynch which decided the issue.

Not for the first time, those two remarkable people Dr. Lynch and Norman Birkett tried polite conclusions in court.

Dr. Lynch suggested that Mr. Major had died from two doses of strychnine, administered with an interval of two days between. The theory of suicide he dismissed. . . . "*On account of the awful agony he would go through, I do not think that any would-be suicide would take it a second time, unless he were mad. . .*"

Birkett countered with the suggestion that death had been caused by an overdose of opium. There were many grains of opium in the medicine, and he asked Dr. Lynch whether five grains would be a fatal dose.

"It has been regarded as a fatal dose, but I regard it as a low dose."

"I suggest," Mr. Birkett went on, "that there is no man living who can say of a surety that he did not die of opium."

"I give it as my opinion," Dr. Lynch replied, "that the man did not die of opium poisoning."

Two-Hour Duel

The duel between Dr. Lynch and Mr. Norman Birkett lasted nearly two hours, but the jury finally endorsed the doctor's view.

Not that the honours always go to Lynch. When Mrs. Hearn was charged with poisoning Miss Winnie Everard, it was Birkett who emerged triumphant.

These poison cases involve the use of the most delicate apparatus, and many times back in his laboratory Dr. Lynch has spent whole days subjecting minute organisms to exhaustive tests.

He did so in the Mrs. Hearn affair, and the specimens he brought into court were vital to the Crown case.

He gave evidence concerning one-hundredth of a milligramme of arsenic.

Mr. Norman Birkett, defending, did not challenge the evidence. He merely asked Dr. Lynch to translate the quantity into a fraction.

One-hundredth part of a milligramme, it transpired, was 1-6,400 of a grain. It sounded very small, put that way.

The jury acquitted Mrs. Hearn.

None the less, the case served to show just how delicate are the measurements and data which make up the routine work of Dr. Lynch.

In court, he does not delve into technicalities for their own sake, nor does he split hairs with the object of getting a conviction.

He merely fulfils and explains the fine adjustments which are necessary to the science of analysis.

EXPERT WITNESS
— 5 —

Under cross-examination he never wavers. He has already fixed the precise scientific values of the clues, and is quite ready for the most adroit questions. They cannot shake the decisions he has made.

Apart from poisons, Dr. Lynch specialises in the analysis of human blood-groups. He has set down a scale of blood classifications which juries to-day seldom question.

Boy Cleared

There are twelve groups of human blood, each given initial letters. You may have blood of the BN, ABM or OMN group, for example.

Each blood-group has peculiarities all its own, and the fusion of one with another can only produce certain variations.

Last year there was the case of the Wiltshire girl who insisted that a gardener's boy was the father of her child. Dr. Lynch took specimens of blood from the girl, the boy and the child.

Here are the three classifications given: The child—AN. The man—OM. The girl—AMN.

Explaining his analysis, Dr. Lynch said: "We do not consider A or O as factors in this case. The children of parents whose groups are MN and M can only be MN or M, and cannot be, as the child in this case, of the N blood group."

Some further questions followed, and then the magistrates, acting upon Lynch's analysis, dismissed the case. . . .

Caught by Hair

Blood analysis has convicted many criminals. It has become an exact science. Similarly, the study of hair plays an important part in crime detection to-day, and there are several expert hair witnesses.

Professor Holden, of the Home Office Laboratory, was responsible for the conviction of Edwin Crane, forty-year-old Leicester clerk, recently.

They accused Crane of failing to stop after an accident. He said he had no knowledge of the accident, but Professor Holden proved that two hairs found on his car were identical with hairs taken from an injured man's head.

A simple strand of hair has many peculiarities which the microscope alone reveals. It is made up of three distinct sections. There is an outside layer called the cuticle, a second layer the cortex, and the central stem known as the medulla.

The variations in these three layers make it possible to determine whether any particular hair has come from an animal or human person. They can also discover nationality with remarkable accuracy.

In finer detail they may estimate the age of a person, his colouring, when last he went to the barber's—all of which are extremely useful when your sole clue is a human hair, clinging to dress or car.

When the question of nationality arises, the expert usually relies upon the shape and medulla of beard hairs. English and German beard hairs are generally oval-shaped with little or no medulla.

Japanese have a round beard hair with strongly marked medulla.

Relating one particular hair to any special head is a very complex matter. No real expert would ever make the definite statement . . . "the hair found at the scene of the crime came from the suspect's head."

He prefers to say . . . "the hair found at the scene of the crime is similar in all respects to the specimen taken from the suspect's head."

The type of hair on one's head is very largely influenced by racial and other considerations. Actually it is by no means unusual to find three or four different types of hair all growing on the same head. Thus the expert must be cautious in his statements.

Hair is examined in cross-section. The expert embeds the hair in paraffin wax and slices pieces from it with a delicate instrument called the microtome. He can then examine the medulla and estimate the person's age.

Elderly people have poor medullas. In younger people they are more strongly marked.

Barbers are becoming a useful source of information, because the latest methods of hair analysis enable the detective to discover whether a person has visited the barber's recently.

After cutting, the ends of the hair gradually heal over. The experts have fixed a standard scale of healing for human hair, and can estimate how many days have passed since a person visited the barber.

They are not always exactly accurate, but given some few other details of the wanted person, they can cross-examine the barber to excellent purpose.

C. Pfaff, the Continental criminologist, is probably the greatest expert witness on the subject of hair.

Going Grey

He was called in on one occasion for a case of assault. Two hairs were discovered at the scene of the crime, and on first examination he found the cuticle of the hairs light grey in colour, with a moderate medulla containing a number of black pigmentary cells.

Obviously the criminal had been dark, as indicated by the black cells—but was beginning to go grey although still comparatively young—as indicated by the present colour of the hair and the moderate medulla.

The roots of the hair were not particularly strong, and seemed to have suffered from excess perspiration. That particular type of perspiration usually resulted from fatness. Thus Pfaff added another fact to his description. The man was fat.

Next he turned to the ends of the hair. They indicated that the man had visited a barber about a week before. Another valuable detail.

From all this he finally built up a remarkable description of the man responsible for the assault. Within ten days the police had tracked him down.

It is possible, of course, that without Pfaff's aid they would eventually have arrested the man, but he saved them time and money.

It is slim, small, and negligible, the human hair . . . but it cannot bear false witness.

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Speedily and gently, Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets bring relief to stomach pain, indigestion, flatulence and acidity. Keep a tin always handy in pocket or handbag.

New 6d. size (15 full-size tablets).
Slide-top tin (50 full-size tablets) 1/3.

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AGENCIES, CLUBS.

See also Special Club Announcements on Page 33.

AGENTS Wanted.—Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send (or Catalogue and parties.—Eatons (Dept. 38), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

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XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigoms, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Fry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, e'c. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.C. brings Wonderful Catlg. & Comm. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 300-page Cat. Terms. Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 40), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS AGENTS Reserve now the finest 1939 catlg. Chocs., Toys, Cigs., Footwear, Drapery, Fancy Goods, Tip-top Com. Finest quality goods. Free gifts. Big Cash Prizes. M.A.C.C.O. guarantee. Marvel Gift Club (M.), Thorpe, nr. Wakefield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, see our Unbeatable terms before deciding. Best Gift offer YOUR CHOOSING Prizes, Satis. Gntd. Gift NOW every applicant.—EMBASSY (Dept. 9), Brighouse.

CASH Comm., 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free. Xmas Club Agents wtd Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge coloured art Catalogue of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), Bradford.

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CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

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S

What is it? Glass . . . its gleaming surface deliberately scratched and pitted by sand to *make it dull.*

Frosted Glass doesn't reflect light.

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FREE.—Illustrated catalogue of all makes of Cameras for cash or easy monthly terms. All interested in Photography should write for this catalogue to Dept. D., City Sale, 90/94, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, or, for 1/- post free, you can get an excellent book on Photography, "Minitography and Cinstography." See p. 37.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 29.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent.), Ltd. 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GARDENING JOBS IN JULY—Staking flowers, sowing violas; pruning shrubs; tending the rockery; in the orchard—in all you have to do in your garden this month follow the expert advice of Richard Sudell in the July issue of "Gardening." In the 100 pages of this beautiful Gardening Magazine you will find no fewer than 29 interesting and helpful features all written in an easy, natural "over-the-garden fence" style. Don't miss: Enjoying a Leisure Week-end; Growing Hardy Orchids; A Rock Garden Gem; Border Carnations; Water Gardens; Flower Decorations; Garden Planning, etc., etc. "Gardening" shows you how to get the best results and the greatest enjoyment out of your garden. Get your copy of the July number to-day—on sale everywhere—6d.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic Dept. J.B.37, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21 Warwick Lane E.C.4.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and tablet of Kotalko Soap on receipt of 3d. in stamps and the coupon on p 27 filled in with your name and address.

FOR all forms of Eczema, Bad Legs, etc., Healo Brand Antiseptic Ointment heals diseased tissues and wounds readily. Write for free booklet, which tells you all about skin disorders and their modern treatment to Dept. A., Cuxson, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham. See page 27.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

REDUCE GIRTH with the new Special Bodyguard Belt offered by Fitterwear, Ltd. See page 29.

KEEP that Schoolgirl Complexion All Over! Use Palmolive Soap in your bath and every time you wash and thus keep your skin young and supple. See page 23.

NEXT Monday try Rinso for your washing. Two-minute boil for Whites, 12-minute soak for coloureds. You'll save time and be amazed at the brilliant results. See page 25.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull* to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See page 26.

HAVE you tried the new Thin Gillette Blade—4 for 1/-, 12 for 2/-? Specially designed for tender skins and honed to the famous Gillette edge. Get some to-day and enjoy a perfect shave. See page 24.

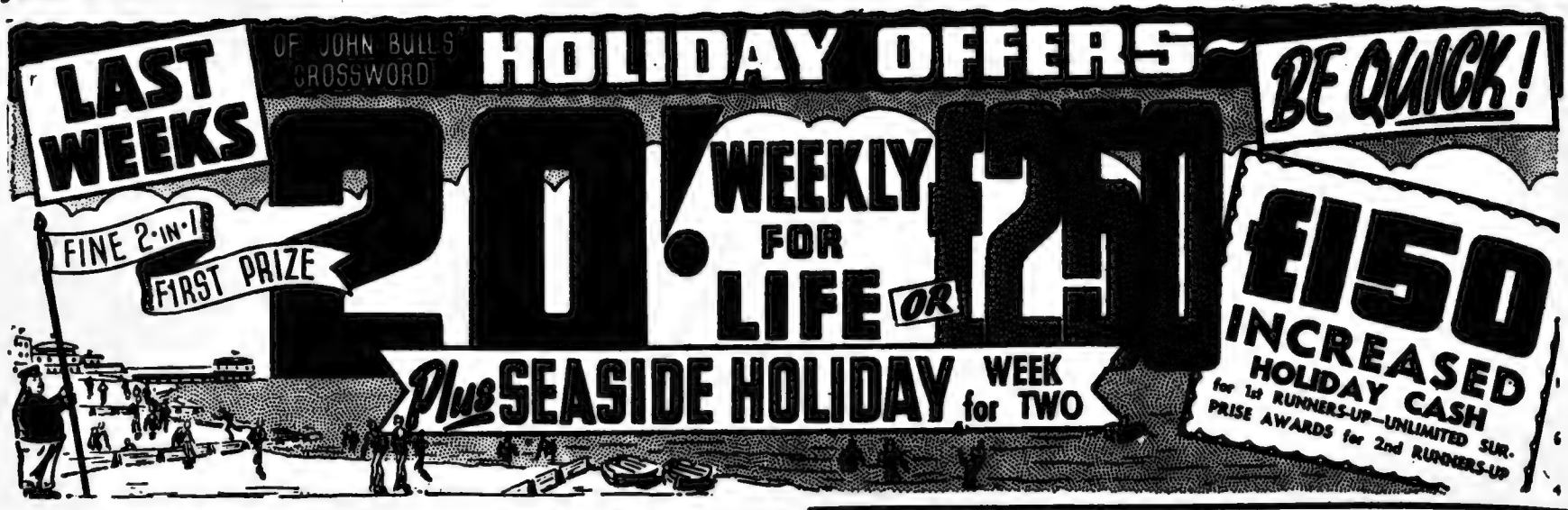
MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return. See page 28.

FREE.—Several Hillman Cars are offered free in a series of simple Competitions, also many consolation prizes. All you have to do is to complete the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . ." in 25 additional words or less and attach six wrappers from Outspan, Goldland or any other brand of South African Oranges, and send in your entry, together with your name and address to Outspan Oranges, J.B. H.2, Minx Dept., 123 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. For further particulars see page 25.

THE importance of Shredded Wheat, and particularly for growing children, cannot be over-emphasised. Prepared from the whole natural wheat, it provides in a tasty and easily digestible form all the essentials for building and sustaining vital energy. The five food values in Shredded Wheat are—Vitamin "B" for growth, Proteins for body-building, Mineral Salts for new tissues, Carbohydrates for energy and Bran for regularity. All play a vital part in health and progressive child development. Let these "Five Food Values" in their own natural way safeguard the health and happiness of all. Added to this are the advantages of Shredded Wheat being quickly and easily served—no cooking is required. Get a packet from your grocer now—while you think of it! See also Back Cover.

DO you go down to the sea in modern swimsuits? . . . play "love-games" at tennis in shorts? . . . dance in backless evening dress? . . . then you know how even a touch of superfluous hair becomes embarrassingly noticeable and completely spoils your fun. But here's good news! There is a wonderful cream depilatory on the market (called New "Veet") which really does remove every trace of hair without odour—and in 3 minutes! More and more women are using this New "Veet," because it is so quick and easy to use. And the best of it is, no one can tell that hair has even grown where it has been removed by this dainty, delicately perfumed cream. There is no bristly razor stubble or coarse regrowth. Your legs and arms are made beautifully smooth, and remain entirely free from disfigurement. It means you can wear your natty summer outfits as brief as you like with new grace and charm. Every woman reader of this paper may obtain a special package of New "Veet" absolutely FREE by sending 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses to Dne Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. ED 58), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

WHY NOT BECOME A CLUB AGENT?—SEE THE ANNOUNCEMENTS ON PAGE 33.



ACROSS CLUES

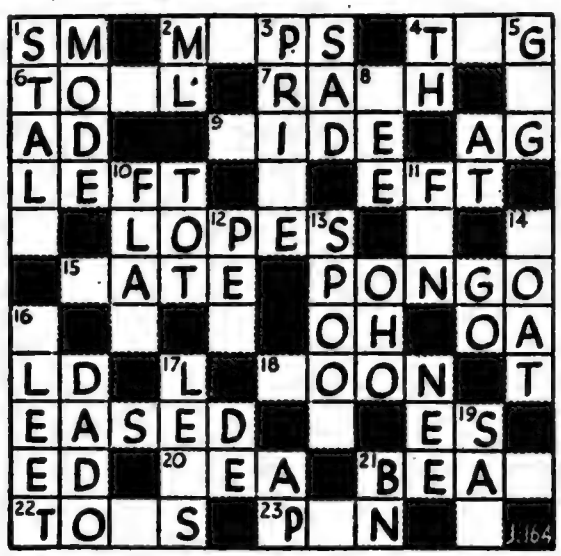
2. Making a lot of these will probably be very tedious
4. Meaning of one is generally fairly obvious
6. We frequently hear of people protesting that this is too much
7. Reckless
9. Cutter may have a bit of a job to get through heavy one
15. Too many plays—even good ones—do this
18. Most of us have wanted this at some time or another
20. Afternoon meal
21. Likely to be bit short if not measured properly
22. Mother sometimes has to darn these of kiddies' stockings
23. New one should be bright

DOWN CLUES

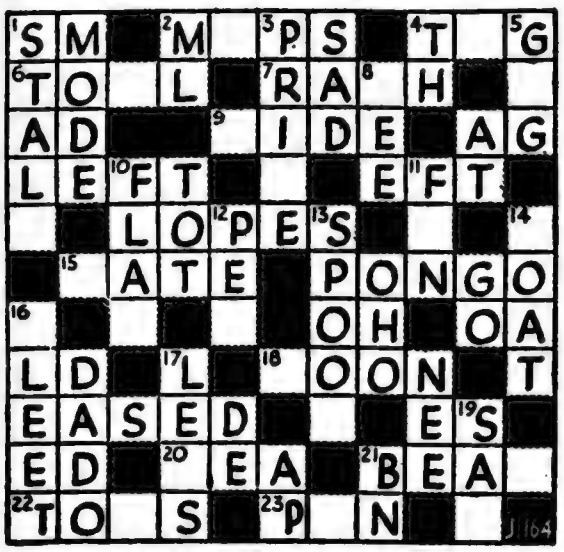
1. Some fruits are commonly sold on
3. Good dresser's is plainly marked
5. Rowing one may well make oarsman sore
8. Observe
10. Small one isn't likely to be very expensive
11. Sometimes causes quite a breeze
12. May be the kind one puts cap on
13. Most men would just laugh at one
14. People occasionally use old one for fishing
16. When this comes unexpectedly it sometimes makes pilot's job harder
17. Allows
19. You can sometimes see this in spring

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

TRY THESE **NEW Double-size SQUARES** | **"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 164. Closing Postmark—FRIDAY, AUG. 4.**



IF ENTERING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.
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In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. Value .....

Address ..... No. .....

..... J.B. X-Word No. 164.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 164, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Big 3-in-1 Holiday Prize Won Outright!

Result of Crossword No. 161.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 161, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see below) was the following competitor:—

L. N. E. DALE, 19, Dyke Road, Hove, 4, Sussex.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive 20s. Weekly for Life plus £200 cash and Free Holiday Week for Two, or a lump sum of £450 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 1, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 8 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £12 10s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

£5 Holiday Cheques will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 161 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 162.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

CROSSWORD No. 161 WINNING SQUARE.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square on right.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point HALL and HAUL were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

J.B.161

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. PEST. 2. SHIP. 7. LOST. 8. TRADE. 11. NEWS. 13. SIEM. 14. FAKE. 18. RUIN. 19. FLY. 20. DISH. 21. HALL or HAUL.
DOWN.—1. BOOTH. 3. HOST. 4. SLEET. 5. TONS. 6. PAY. 9. PEG. 10. FEED. 12. TABLE. 15. TRASH. 16. SNAIL. 17. ACES. 19. FOG.

Read These Rules

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, August 4, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, August 5.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

Turn to page 38 for the NEW HELP for "CROSSWORDERS."

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 17. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 22, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £260 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 27.

WIN £750 FREE!

Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Giant Holiday Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

The Last Laugh

Misery and man are twins from birth, so it is said; but the misery can be alleviated by talking it over with a sympathetic and understanding friend. "John Bull" is that friend to many; and whatever the difficulty that may be causing you miserable moments, we should like to hear of it and help with advice.

Our advice costs nothing. All that is required is that you send a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry, which should be addressed to "John Bull's" Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CLERK (Retford).—"Do you know why I don't take home all my salary to my wife every Friday?" Because she comes to your office and takes it home herself?

Miss F. (Ilminster). — "What is your definition of a gentleman?" A man who thinks he can croon and doesn't.

A. F. (Ipswich).—"I am very short-sighted and my foreman is working me to death." You can't see when he's not looking?

J. L. (Bromsgrove).—"Have you ever had stocks and shares recommended to you by friends?" No, but by those we thought were friends.

★

D. H. (BRAINTREE).—"IS IT TRUE THAT MONEY CAN BE MADE OUT OF OLD BOWLERS?" WELL, ONE CAN ALWAYS HOLD THEM UPSIDE DOWN AND SING ON THE KERBSIDE.

★

Mr. T. A. (Aldershot).—"My boss told me quite plainly that I either had to join the Territorials or clear out." See letter below.

Mrs. T. A (Aldershot).—"You will be pleased to hear that I have at last persuaded my husband to join the Territorials." See letter above.

P. M. (Frome).—"I was charged with dangerous driving, but I thought it a bit thick when the magistrate stopped me driving for two years. My living depends on it." So does the pedestrians'.

Miss Y. (Lee).—"He seemed surprised when I told him that I thought I should have to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources." He didn't get you?

C. M. (Colne).—"Don't you think it funny that an electrician named Sparks should be charged with assault and battery?" Yes, especially if he was put in a dry cell.

A. L. C. (Wraysbury).—"A fellow I caught entering my house by the dining-room window told me that at one time he was well known in City circles." Hence his preference for getting in on the ground floor.

F. H. (Charlton). — "Commercial travellers I employ must be live men." Dead men, of course, tell no tales.

R. M. (Grendon). — "I found photographing her pet dog rather a painful affair." Did it snap first?

C. F. L. (Hatfield).—"It is true, of course, that wrong numbers are given on the 'phone, but how often?" Too.

O. T. (Newcastle).—"I'm learning to write fiction." Have you never made an income-tax return before?

P. W (Taunton).—"What do you think would happen to a girl if she wore old-fashioned, coarse clothing?" Nothing.

S. N. (Gosport).—"Before he left the house, the burglar had apparently washed his feet." His idea being to show the police a clean pair of heels?

M. T. (Roehampton).—"I enjoy meals in the open air except that there are often uninvited guests." You mean the insects that drop into tea?

N. S. V. (Millom).—"Handbags are larger this year." Then the problem of packing a few extra holiday frocks is now solved.

Miss S. (Colindale).—"My boy is really very nice indeed, but my family won't have anything to do with him." His car is a two-seater?

Mrs. T. (Horley).—"It's tough when you have to pay a shilling for a pound of meat." It's tougher when you pay ninepence.

E. D. (Rothbury).—"I have no fires and all my windows open in the winter. Germs can't live in my house." Do you blame them?

T. T. (Bridgnorth).—"My son is at Oxford taking French, German and Spanish. His expenses are excessively high." Perhaps he's taking Scotch, too.

D. T. (Bath).—"I should think every fool in England has written to you at some time or other." Not until your letter reached us.

S. M. (Gravesend).—"Do you read much fiction when you are holiday-making at the seaside?" We occasionally glance at the names in the visitors' book.

S. T. (Bermondsey). — "The man was very indignant at being ejected from the meeting for persistent heckling." He was put out.

G. F. (Ickenham).—"I am considering sinking a lawn in my garden at the end of the summer." You think it will be flooded by then?

★

K. J. (BRAUNTON).—"I DON'T FEEL SO FIT LATELY. MY BREATH SEEMS TO COME IN SHORT PANTS." WHAT DO YOU EXPECT IT TO COME IN—A FRIEZE OVERCOAT?

★

W. H. (Brixton).—"I want my son to earn his living in some way that is bound to make him go straight." What about tight-rope walking?

J. K. (Goole).—"Two Scottish friends of mine had a wager as to who could stay under water the longer." Have the bodies been recovered yet?

W. L. (Guildford).—"A South London allotment-holder has worked the same plot for twenty-five years." We doubt if even a Hollywood scenario-writer could challenge that record.

Mrs. I. T. (Lewes).—"What would you men have to-day if women had never been created?" One more rib.

Fay (New Malden).—"A new hat acts like a tonic to a woman." And like a bitter pill to her husband.

S. W. A. (Accrington).—"Women, they say, make very little impression on hard-headed business men." It depends on what they hit them with.

★

DORIS (SCARBOROUGH).—"IF MRS. GRUNDY CAME HERE TO BATHE, I WONDER WHAT SHE WOULD PUT ON?" AN AIR OF DISAPPROVAL, PROBABLY.

★

M. R. W. (Enfield). — "What could be better than eating lettuce for tea straight from the garden?" Having it washed first.

P. T. (Leyton).—"I'd give a fiver to be able to tell those dictators what I think of them." Try doing so in a *Bullet*—it may well win you that £750 announced on page 39.

F. L. (Tamworth). — "Don't you find that both home-life and work seem very empty after the summer holidays?" Yes, and both pockets.

Norah (Brighton).—"Do seaside engagements usually end early?" Yes, if his train back to town leaves before breakfast.

The Kid—by Lees

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

East Anglian Daily Times:—"... and that the rate of 10s. per hour be increased to 10½d."

Salford City Reporter:—"A reader wanted to know if there was a portrait incorporated in the chair worn by the Mayoress."

Yorkshire Evening Post:—"As Bingley was a fat sock market most of the animals had already been slaughtered."

The Ellesmere Port Pioneer:—"But there is no need for any young man to be employed."

High Peak Reporter:—"Mr. G—— was employed by Derbyshire County Council and more recently by New Mills Council..."

Evening Advertiser (Swindon):—"A photograph of a group of people was handed to T——, who was asked to kick out his wife."

The Scourge of Modern Life

NEURASTHENIA

Crept on this woman all unawares

COMPLETE BREAKDOWN AVOIDED

ONLY JUST IN TIME

A Case from Dr. Cassells Records

NEURASTHENIA or nervous weakness is rightly called the bane of modern life. It creeps on its victims so insidiously that when the nerves suddenly give way under the strain, complete breakdown can only be avoided by scientific nerve treatment. Mrs. W's case should serve as a warning and a guide to thousands. They can profit by what she went through and avoid a similar experience.

"The trouble started with neuritis in my arm and nothing gave me relief. Then I got worried, and began to get terrible headaches and could not sleep. My nerves were affected and my digestion went wrong. How I got through each day I do not know."

Now this is really a most instructive case. Here we have all the typical symptoms of neurasthenia—pain, headaches, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia—gradually wearing the victim down until she was literally living on her nerves. Her nerves could not stand the strain indefinitely. No nerves could. A day of reckoning was inevitable and it came when Mrs. W. was on the verge of collapse. She faced the fact that she was really ill and she was recommended a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets. Today she is in excellent health. To use her own words: "Even at the end of a week, the difference was amazing. The pains in my arm and in my head gradually left me. My appetite returned. Instead of being pale with eyes sunk in my head, I look healthy and feel infused with new life."

The left picture shows a greatly magnified section of nerve fibre, but under-nourished and degenerate. The right picture shows this nerve fed back to health—regenerated.

This is only one case out of thousands in Dr. Cassells records. Dr. Cassells Tablets are a most remarkable prescription, the result of close study of the underlying causes of neurasthenia or disordered nerves and how to restore them. If you suffer from nerve pains, are a martyr to constant headaches, a victim of insomnia and nervous dyspepsia, you can obtain the same complete restoration to health that Mrs. W. found. But never delay until breakdown is threatened. Go to your chemist as soon as possible and start a course at once. You will eat better and sleep better and headaches and pains will cease to trouble you. Like Mrs. W. you will feel infused with new life.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Trial Size 6d.

CAMERAS

All makes—on easiest of monthly payments or cash. Most generous exchange allowances. The finest book on photography ever published, "Miniography and Cinetography," 1/- post free. Illustrated catalogue post free. Write Dept. "D."

CITY SALE 90 94

"Compex" to Your Aid Again!

Scots Wha' Ha'e...

HOW often do we see Scottish names in the prize-lists? I know certain names have appeared for minor awards, but for a real good thumping win—never. I suppose you will answer this with your usual "brass neck."—T. M., Airdrie

Delighted. A glance at recent Crossword lists shows Miss J. Hill, Glasgow, winning £675 in No. 157; Mr. J. G. Milne, Perth, £125 in No. 158, and Mr. J. H. Black, Edinburgh, £80 in No. 159. A Dundee lorry-driver, Mr. C. Bottoms, won one of the biggest "Bullets" firsts ever offered; a Dundee woman, Mrs. A. Maclean, has headed the list twice. Mr. J. Boyd, Ayr, and his sister Molly have both won firsts. How's that for brass?

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And Londoners, Too!

It seems a most strange coincidence that the *Bullets* first prizes very seldom come to London or the suburbs. I think there is something wrong and that the judges should be changed every week.—A. R. S., Walthamstow.

As probably less than a quarter of the entries come from London, it is only natural that many prizes should go to competitors living elsewhere. Even so, the fact that "Bullets" No. 1,156th, 1,163rd, 1,164th and 1,172nd prize-lists were headed by Londoners proves they can and do win.

As for dispensing with the regular staff of expert judges, with their years of experience, and trying a new lot every week—well, that certainly would give you grounds for a grouse.

Nurse's Tonic

May I recommend *Bullets* as an interesting hobby for invalids? Besides the mental recreation, there is the weekly tonic of looking forward to a prize. I have competed ever since these contests began—before the war, when I was a nurse.

Now I have been invalided out of the nursing service, but I still have my weekly thrill of anticipating a first prize Joy Wire.—Sister W. W., Selsey-on-Sea.

Quite a number of invalids have told me how much they enjoy competitions. For instance, Mrs. H. A., Canterbury, writes: "I have been bedridden for six years and would not miss my 'Bullets' and Crosswords for anything. They keep me happy and pass the time."

Probably the biggest thrill an invalid ever had was when a young Bexhill man, Mr. F. Richford, received his First Prize telegram in hospital—the day after he'd come through a serious operation.

When to Post

It has been suggested to me that it is best to post one's *Bullets* on Saturday, the theory being that, after a week-end's rest, the judges are more likely to be in a fresh, bright frame of mind. I have an idea, though, that judging does not commence until all that contest's *Bullets* have been received. Am I right? — Mrs. E. S., Halifax.

You are right, so it does not matter on which day you send your "Bullets," provided you do so not later than last post Saturday.

Why Switch?

To "Compex"—more in sorrow than in anger! What's wrong with this *Bullet* of mine that got nowhere? The Right Spirit—Hitler's, Reviving "Merry Widows"? To my mind it's true and topical. Perhaps I had better switch over to Crosswords.—P. W. B., Southsea.

*I am sorry, too, but what real point was there in your bald reference to Hitler's merry-making? But a few weeks ago, I recall, the topic was neatly used by a Loughborough £6 winner—*OUT OF THE QUESTION — BRITANNIA "DANCING BEFORE HITLER."

No Kicking

In *Bullets* 1,118th contest I came within one word of the First Prize line, **Worth Sticking To—And "Parting For," Peace.** To the same *Example* I added, **And "Kicking For," Peace.** I am not kicking, as the winning effort is far better than mine; it has encouraged me to think that with a little extra thought I may turn out the winner next time.—B. M., Glynceiriog, near Wrexham.

"Watch the winners and learn from your losers" is old advice, I know. But scores like you, who have carried it out, have consequently found "Bullets" a hobby well worth sticking to.

Petrol Problem

Being the driver of a van which uses up a lot of petrol, I was surprised to see MAN preferred to VAN as answer to the crossword clue, "Uses a lot of petrol and oil."—P. G. A., Bow.

Quite right to take your personal experience into account when considering the clues, but you must not let it unduly affect your judgment. You overlooked the fact that there are thousands of horse vans, which consume no petrol at all; it is true, though, that mankind in general uses a lot of petrol and oil, and MAN *was therefore considered the more fully accurate answer.*

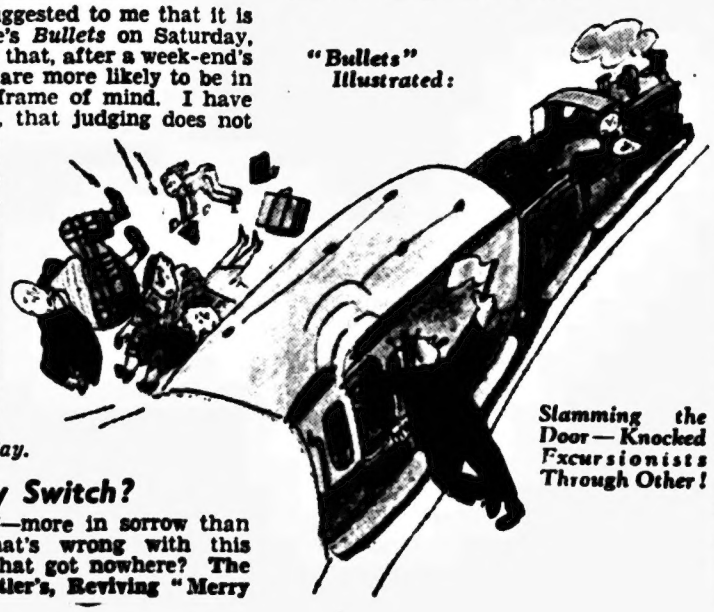
Take it Easy

Enclosed please find some *Bullets* I entered recently. Can you please tell me why I have not met with much success? Is it because my efforts are too deep?—J. J. M., Chiswick.

Have carefully considered your efforts, As I said last week, I cannot undertake to comment on individual "Bullets," unless by doing so I am likely to be helping a number of competitors.

I should say that your trouble is that you are making rather heavy weather of your hobby. That is certainly suggested by your effort, IN NATURE'S KINGDOM—"DECONTROLLED" DOESN'T CAUSE "UNCONTROLLED," *to which you added an explanation of its meaning. Try simpler, lighter "Bullets" and aim at making your meanings crystal clear.*

"Bullets" Illustrated:



Slamming the Door—Knocked Excursionists Through Other!

ROYAL TOUR "Bullet" Wins FORTUNE for retiring VETERAN

Mr. F. P. Byrne

Read how this typical "Bulleteer" made up his £300 effort. Then start turning out YOUR £750 "Bullet" with one of the "Examples" on opposite page.

NO *Bullets* Friday Joy Wire was ever more welcome than that which, a few days ago, resulted in a shower of congratulations on sixty-eight-year-old Mr. F. P. Byrne, 27, Adams Avenue, Northampton. It told this cheery veteran that he had won a Royal Tour Prize or £300 cash in our 1,177th *Bullets* Contest.

"I was not at home when the telegram came," he told a JOHN BULL man. "But my wife brought it round to St. Edmund's Hospital, where I am the Assistant Master. When I came down to the gate, I noticed how excited she seemed, and asked if it brought bad news.

"'No—it's the best of good news,' she assured me. And so it was, for I am to be retired on account of age in only two months. Yes, this prize has come as a real godsend."

The effort which brought Mr. Byrne the £300 cheque he chose as his First Prize was a telling *Bullet* which not only referred to the Royal Tour, but expressed a fervent hope as to its results: THEIR MAJESTIES—"PILGRIMS"—"MAY" PEACE "FLOWER"!

"In contrast to the dictators, I thought of our King and Queen as quiet, unassuming pilgrims at the shrine of peace," Mr. Byrne recalled. "At Easter my wife and I had visited George Washington's ancestral home, Sulgrave Manor. So the connection between the pilgrim fathers and America naturally came to mind.

"My wife said she thought I had a real winner this time," he went on. "I submit all my efforts to her for criticism, or else to my older daughters. The youngest, Babs, is only ten, but even she knows enough about *Bullets* to keep quiet when she sees father thinking hard!

"Although I have had no outstanding success in *Bullets* before this—a 10s. award was my previous best—I have received many minor prizes during the twenty years or more that I have enjoyed entering," went on this veteran enthusiast. "I have had successes in other competitions, but have always hoped for the blue riband—a *Bullets* First!"

* * *

A much, much greater prize than Mr. Byrne's £300 cash is within your reach to-day, thanks to that record £750 August Opportunity announced on opposite page.

Make up your mind that the £750 *Bullet* will come from *your* pen. Then turn to the *Examples* and start finding those winning words now!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,178

FIRST PRIZE, £250 Cash plus £10 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life—or lump sum of £300.

A. HAZELL, High Road, Shepreth, Cambs.

Example: NOW BRITAIN'S STRONG

Bullet: THE "DANGER IS SLACKING."

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

C. H. SIMMS, 39, Surrey Road, Reading.
Example: Father's Pipe
Bullet: It's "Wicked"—It's "Sacred"!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

A. L. JORDAN, 158, Edge Lane Drive, Liverpool.
Example: With Russia's Help
Bullet: Germany's "Back-door," Another "Front."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. E. G. M. CORCLOUGH, "Leahurst," Surrey Road South, Westbourne, Bournemouth.
Let's Keep Cheerful And—Despite Events, Respite Eventually.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: F. WILLIAMS, Flat 64, Taymount Grange, Queen's Road, London, S.E.
To Win Promotion—Tossed, Turned, Planned—Overslept!

£7: Mr. LAMBOURNE, 23, Dumbarton Street, Buckland, Portsmouth.
Peace Baby—"Disturbed" By "Howling Man."

£6: J. N. SMITH, 65, Grasville Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead.
Man v. Nature—Fate And Himself. Pessimist!

£5: W. ORTON, 125, Bond Street, Macclesfield.
With Russia's Help—"Block" Formed—Mars "Beheaded."

£4: C. THOMSON, 19, Beech Drive, Dalmuir, Glasgow.
Power Of Propaganda—"Vitriolic"—See Europe's "Face."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: Mrs. E. McLAGAN, 5, Lockhart Place, Hawick, Scotland.
Old Dobbin—Don't "Drive," "Last Mile"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. GROOM, 11, Grove Street, Raunds, Northants.
Love And Hate—Father Portrays, Spraying Roses!

Mrs. C. JONES, 50, St. John's Road, Isleworth.
Old Dobbin—Carried Tons—Fetched Pound!

T. LEAVER, 175, Eastfield Road, Bordesley Green East, Birmingham.
Dictator Baby—"Walking Alone" *Pleases* "Bodyguard."

D. R. MACKAY, 12, Longford Avenue, Southmead, Bristol.
Love And Hate—"Twins" Keeping Film-star Busy.

E. MACMILLAN, 4, St. Michael Street, Brecon, S. Wales.
Father's Nap—"Cert" For "Two-thirty," *Sunday.*

E. R. McCARTER, Norwood, Glebe Terrace, Dumfries, Scotland.
Now Britain's Strong—And America's Uncle *Samson*——

D. McGIRR, 94, Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham.
Power Of Propaganda—"What Glamorous Potatoes, Dear!"

W. H. MARTIN, 2, Gray Street, Lincoln.
My Wages—"Insult" I'm Polite For.

A. L. PREEN, 584, Fox Hollies Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Father's Lawn—"Laid Down"—and Died!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. LLOYD WILLIAMS, Minerva, Trinity Crescent, West Shore, Llandudno.
They Strolled On The Pier, But—They Didn't, On *Boat!*

List of 30 winners of Cameras and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed A/C. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

RECORD AUGUST 'BULLETS' PRIZE!

£750

£800

This First Prize Cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,182, or that for Nos. 1,183, 1,184, 1,185 or 1,186 will be augmented to £750 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious. THUS YOU CAN WIN £750 WITH A COUPON BELOW.

HOLIDAY CHEQUE MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

—MAKE it YOURS with a COUPON BELOW!

HOW TO WIN

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to build up your *Bullets*. After hearing about the Royal Tour on his radio, a Ross-on-Wye "Bulleteer" was working on the incomplete *Example*, WHEN MOTHER . . . With the Queen in mind, he first wrote down, *When Mother Returns—Princesses' "Reception" Beats Ceremonial.* This he improved to his neat and human winner, WHEN MOTHER RETURNS—"MOTHER!" DROWNS "THE QUEEN!"

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,178th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, August 5.

LET 'COMPEX' HELP YOU!

See feature on opposite page.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S YOUTH
WITH ALL OUR POWER
WARNING FOR HITLER
GERMANY'S HARVEST
SEARCHLIGHT OF TRUTH
WHEN THEY WERE COURTING
FIRM FRIENDS
TIMES MAY CHANGE, BUT
WOMAN IN UNIFORM
MADE HIM STOP
SURPRISE FOR THE VISITOR
ON THE DEFENSIVE
LIGHTS OF LONDON
GAGGED
AUNTIE LIKES DANCING, BUT
HOPE'S LIFEBELT
BROKE THE RECORD
GETTING ON OUR NERVES
WHEN DAD WENT IN
MILLIONAIRE'S SERVANT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WHEN ..... THREATENS
BABY'S .....
BEGINNING TO .....
..... OF HUMANITY
WHY WE .....
STOP ..... AND

OTHER HOLIDAY PRIZES

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7
£6 £5 £4 £3 10 at £2-10

30 ELEGANT NEW "SOHO" FOLDING CAMERAS

200 SURPRISE AWARDS—THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,182 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £309 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,177 will be displayed in the window of G. F. Westley, 131, Stimpson Avenue, Northampton.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,182) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 5.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,182) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 5.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,182) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 5.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,182 and Crossword No. 164, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, August 5.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,182, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

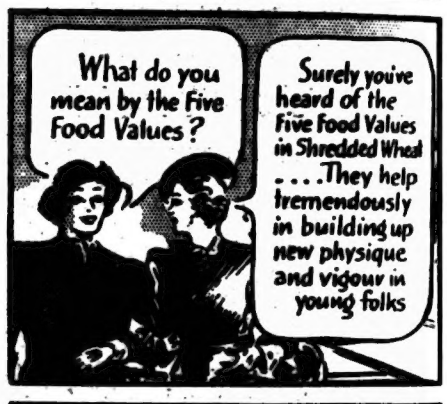
ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,182, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THEY CALLED HIM FAINT-HEART!

It's no good, Mum I can't put up with those rough games the fond boys play And they chaff me because I'm not a Scout!
Nonsense, Maurice It's fine to be a Scout. All boys want to be Scouts Dad would love you to join

What am I to do about Maurice? Never wants to play—always listless and tired!
Maybe it's his food...Is he getting his proper share of the Vital FIVE FOOD VALUES?


What do you mean by the Five Food Values?
Surely you've heard of the Five Food Values in Shredded Wheat ....They help tremendously in building up new physique and vigour in young folks

2 MONTHS LATER

THE 5 FOOD-VALUES IN SHREDDED WHEAT

1 *Vitamin 'B'*	FOR GROWTH
2 *Proteins*	FOR BODY-BUILDING
3 *Mineral Salts*	FOR NEW TISSUES
4 *Carbo-hydrates*	FOR ENERGY
5 *Bran*	FOR REGULARITY

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY HELPING!

Importance of Shredded Wheat's Five Food Values to growing children

● It is the most natural thing in the world for any healthy child to be "up and into everything"! But when this zest for fun and activity gives place to sulks and weariness you may depend that in nine cases out of ten the trouble is a lack of proper nourishment. That is why parents should never forget the importance of Shredded Wheat's "Five Food Values." All play a vital part in healthy and progressive child development. And every helping of Shredded Wheat contains them in abundance to build up strength, energy and a sound physique. And how much the actual enjoyment of Shredded Wheat means too. Youngsters look forward to every delicious helping while mothers find the adaptability and economy of Shredded Wheat a constant boon. Serve this popular health food every day and let the "Five Food Values," in their own natural way, safeguard the health of all.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

The Food for General Fitness

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